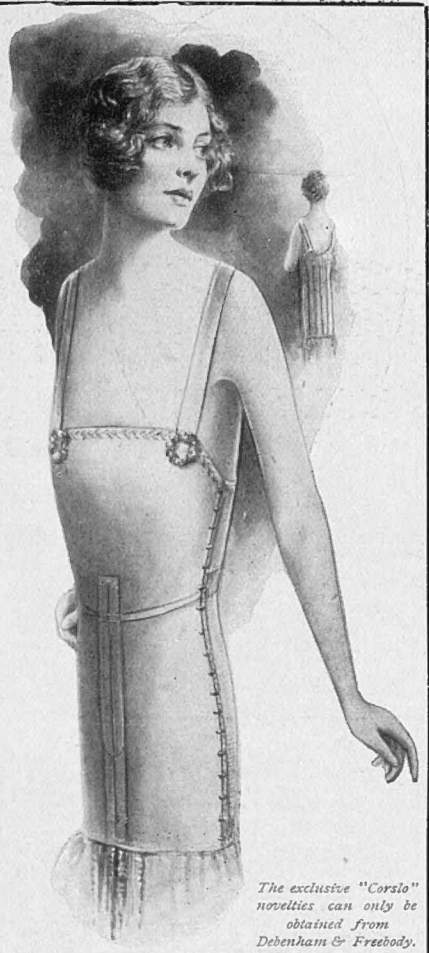
THE SECRET OF SLENDERNESS

THE NEW CORSLO "PLASTIQUE"

FOR MEDIUM AND FULL FIGURES



The "Corslo Plastique" is obviously the first necessity of the new season's Outfit for the woman who wishes to achieve slenderness and smartness, and it will undoubtedly help to beautify every type of Figure, and to give the correctness of line to all kinds of Clothes, from Sports Suits to Dance Frocks. A closed and cleverly boned back to secure the absolutely straight unbroken lines which are demanded by the new fashion, inset and graduated side-pieces of elastic to give suppleness of silhouette and movement, covered hooks and eyes down the left side make the fastening easy and unobtrusive, and an all-round series of Suspenders hold the fabric in position so that it is literally moulded to the figure, are the special features of this "Corslo Plastique." It combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, in one supremely comfortable and "Slimming Garment" which can be worn and washed too, like ordinary underclothes, as all the bones can be easily removed and replaced.

THE "CORSLO PLASTIQUE." In Cotton Tricot, closed at back, hooking under arm, with panels of elastic at side, wide supporting steel in front, and firmly boned at back, washable. Measurement: bust, waist and hips.

PRICE 73/6

In best quality satin or silk tricot, 6 Gns.

Debenham & Freebody (LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London. W.1

The exclusive "Corslo" novelties can only be obtained from Debenham & Freebody.

Sent on approval

Crepe-de-Chine

REST GOWN

This model with its graceful Georgette draperies, handsomely finished with lace and the fashionable fringe, is typical of many exclusive yet inexpensive styles to be seen in Harrods Salon for Tea Gowns. In Powder Blue, Mauve, Black, Grey, New Violette or Copper. 7½ Gns.

HARRODS

Tea Gown Salon—First Floor

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1

Is *your* Pleasure marred by Headache?

If so, then buy a bottle of Genasprin *to-day*, and take two tablets—in a little water—whenever you feel a Headache coming on. That is the safe and certain way of counteracting Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia and other distressing Nerve Pains.

Genasprin is guaranteed to be absolutely *pure*, and therefore causes no ill-effects whatever. That is why your doctor always prescribes *Genasprin* in preference to all ordinary brands of aspirin.

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(*The SAFE Brand of Aspirin*)

You can always rely upon Genasprin giving prompt relief from pain in all cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, etc. Your nearest chemist sells Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets—get a supply *now*.

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A Popular VOGUE

Ground Floor

ARLINGTON

Ultra smart sports Jumper in heavy Artificial Silk, cut on new long lines giving a distinctive appearance. This model is extremely practical for the Sports Woman. Fastens on shoulder which is advantageous. In Ivory, Champagne Grey, Putty, Beaver, Navy & Black.

29/6 Size 48" 36 Extra

Open an Account at DICKINS & JONES— *it will add to the convenience of Shopping*

DICKINS & JONES LTD

REGENT STREET. LONDON. W.1

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THE petrol consumption of the Crossley 14 is at least 30 m.p.g. Owners report as high as 36 m.p.g. In an Official Trial the result obtained was 36.2 m.p.g.
This is one of the reasons why the Crossley 14 costs no more to run than most small light cars of greatly inferior performance.

The Crossley 14 easily attains over 50 miles per hour. Climbs any ordinary hill on top. Carries four or five passengers in perfect comfort anywhere a car can go.
Quality—Performance—Economy.

Touring Car - - - - £400
Touring Car de Luxe - £420
Saloon de Luxe - - - £560
Landaulette - - - - £580

Ask also for details of the famous 19.6 h.p. and 20/70 h.p. models, cars of unique performance and refinement.

Crossley

14 h.p. R.A.C. Rating 15·6

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER, and 40-41 Conduit Street, LONDON

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The extremely rough and stony surface makes the ascent of Honister Pass from Buttermere one of the most difficult in Lakeland. The total length is 1¼ miles, and the stiffest gradient of 1—3¼, Hill Step, is about midway up the climb. The views of the great Honister Crag shown high up on the left are most impressive, the road winding prettily down to Buttermere, seen in the distance. The scenery is amongst the finest to be found amongst the English lakes.

You can climb it on a Calthorpe.

This is the full range of 1925 Models.

15·45 h.p. Six-Cylinder Four-Seater £395, 12·20 h.p. Two-Seater De Luxe £315, Four-Seater De Luxe £325, Four-Seater Saloon £425, 10-20 h.p. Two-Seater or Four-Seater £235. Dunlop Balloon Tyres fitted as standard. *Write for Catalogue and name of Agent who will be pleased to give you a trial run.*
THE CALTHORPE MOTOR CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

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There is a full range of Models from £235

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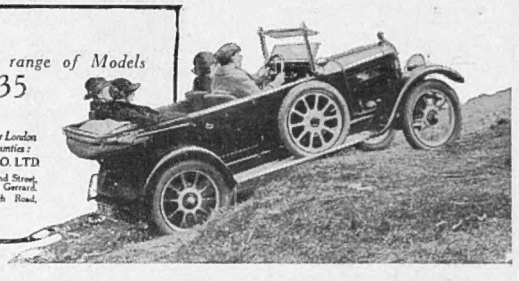

H.P.

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ALL-BRITISH CARS

offer exceptional value, and render all-round luxurious service economically. Designed and built throughout as quality vehicles, they have maintained their great reputation on the universal approval of their users.

PRICES:

10-h.p. Full 4-Seater **£235**
12-h.p. 4-Seater .. **£375**

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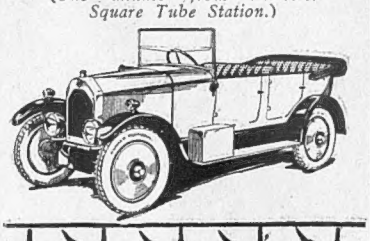
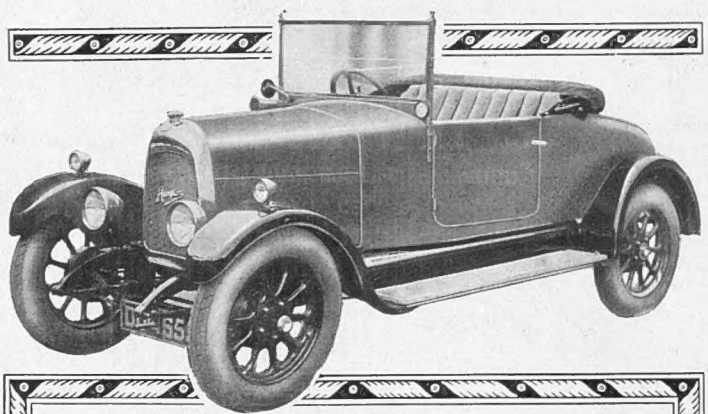
(One minute from Leicester Square Tube Station.)





Ruling out Superlatives

—adhering to plain facts—the Hampton is the car which will bring you the constant satisfaction born of sound design, of conscientious workmanship, and of honest value. In your own best interests give the Hampton Models your careful consideration before making your car choice.
May we send you the catalogue?

STROUD MOTOR MFG. CO., LTD.
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Main Distributors for London and Home Counties:
HARDIE & LANE, LTD.
24, Woodstock Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

New Reduced Prices.

10 h.p.
2-Seater - **£260**
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4-wheel brakes £15 extra on all models.

Hampton

The One Safe Remedy

Trial Phial 8D. *Post Free*

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Medical Guaranty with each bottle. Chemists and Stores. Price 4/6. 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate

Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
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GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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CORSELETTE
BY
Warner's

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The Corselette was originally thought of as a slender figure garment, but this new and important development — the WRAP-AROUND CORSELETTE—makes it possible for women of larger proportions to enjoy the comfort of a single confining garment, and to attain the smooth unbroken contour only a single garment can give.

There is a Corselette designed for every type of figure. Some have firm fabric tops, others have soft tops, and some have extremely low tops for evening wear. The amount of boning varies with the type for which garment is designed.

All Houses of Prestige stock Corsetry by Warner's at prices from

5/11 to 4½ Gns.

Lecture and Demonstration on living models all this week at Messrs. Whiteley's.

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Specially designed for full figures, long, deep over hips with side fastening. Wide elastic panels on hips, lightly boned, in pink brocade material, four hose supports. Colour: Pink only. PRICE **16/11**
Bust measurement sizes 32-42.

Write for Beautifully Illustrated Booklet.

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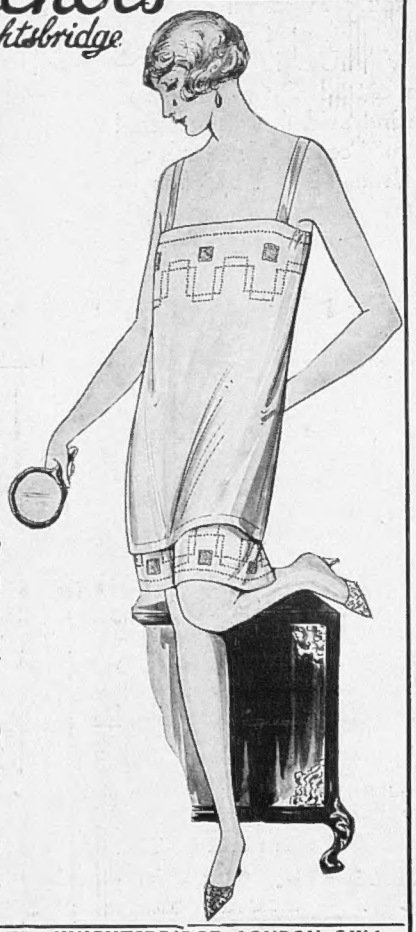
Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



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Vest - - 15/9
Knickers - 18/9
Cami-Knickers to match - 29/6

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
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THE KING AND QUEEN

SMART HAT, in fine pedal Straw, with New pleated Crêpe de Chine Crown, and side. In Black and all good colours.

PRICE
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DEBENHAMS LTD.

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"ZEPHYR" Patent Colt Shoe. Also in Fawn Suede. In all sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

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Postage 6d. Extra.

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"EVA"

60036 Charming model in Patent Colt with Fawn Glace Edging and Stitching. Fancy cut-outs and full Louis heel. Also in all Black Suede Calf and Tan Glace Kid. In all sizes from 2 to 8 and 3, 4 and 5 fittings.

40/-

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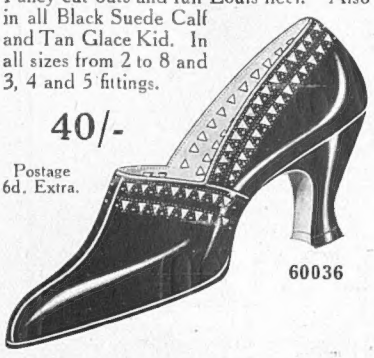

60036

Dolcis *fine shoes*

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Address post orders to **DOLCIS SHOE CO., 7-10, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1.** State size and fitting and enclose 6d. extra for postage.

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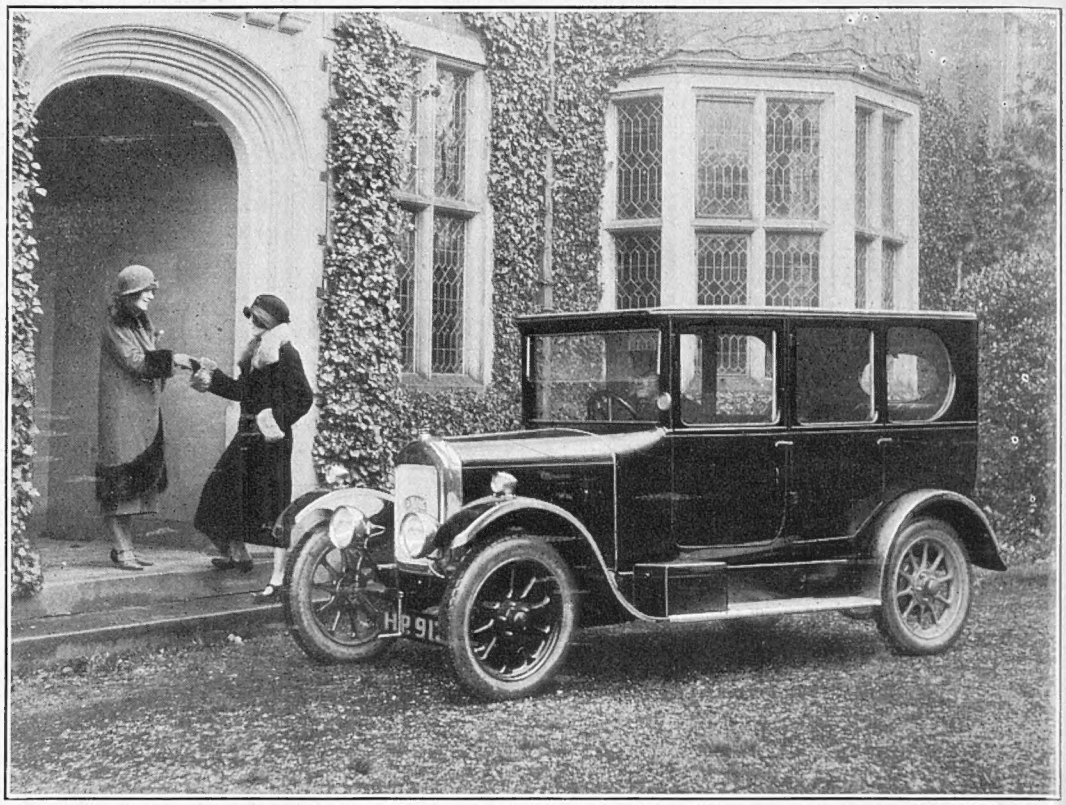

All the year round COMFORT *for* £295

Nine months of the year an open car is out of the question if warmth and comfort mean anything to you. A saloon is the only satisfactory solution to all the year round motoring. Without question, this 10/26 h.p. SINGER SALOON is the BEST VALUE in British closed cars. Comparisons show that it has four doors instead of two, an important feature. Ample accommodation and leg room is provided. Upholstered with patent pneumatic cushions, leather or Bedford cord covered, it affords a depth of riding comfort quite exceptional. Dunlop Balloon Tyres. Colour, Maroon or Smoke Blue. May we send you particulars of this and other Models. Singer & Co., Limited, Coventry. London Showrooms, 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

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H.P.

60 *Years Ago!*

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Its success has led to the existence of many inferior Brands offered under similar title.

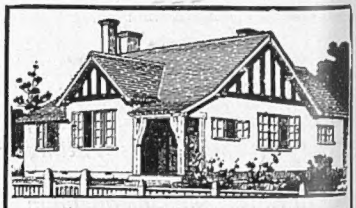
MACKAY'S—THE ORIGINAL—LIQUEUR WHISKY

combines in rare age and choice Bouquet the perfection of Highland Whisky. A Healthful Tonic—it satisfies and leaves no craving. Used in the leading clubs throughout the world.

Costs no more than *ordinary* whisky.

150/- per dozen case delivered free in U.K.

A. & B. MACKAY LTD., GLASGOW.



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A Browne & Lilly Bungalow makes a delightful country home—it is conveniently planned, and built of sound, seasoned materials ready to erect anywhere.

Our manufactures being so extensive, our Catalogue is issued in sections. Prospective purchasers of our goods should mention the particular building they are interested in—MOTOR HOUSES, BUNGALOWS, CHALETS, GREENHOUSES, GARDEN ROOMS, LOOSE BOXES, or other Portable Buildings.

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BROWNE & LILLY Ltd.

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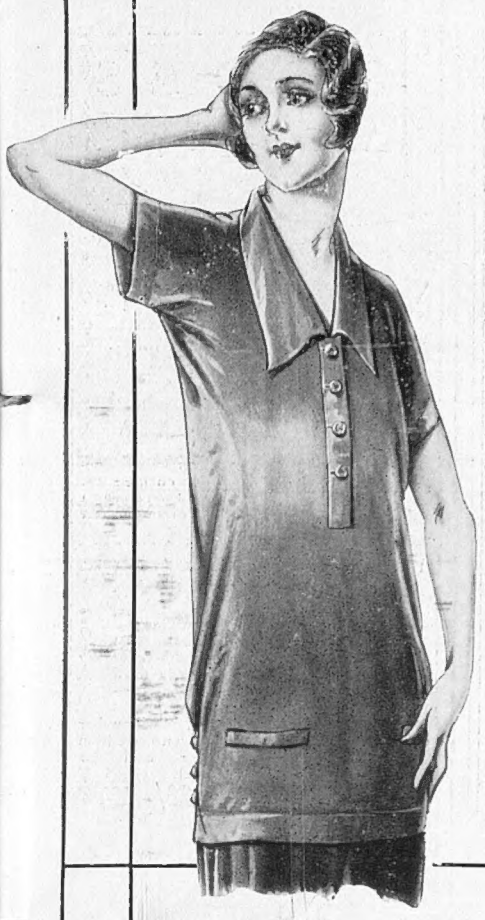

NEW SPRING
CREPE DE CHINE
JUMPER

NEW CREPE DE CHINE JUMPER (as sketch) of reliable quality cut on straight slim lines, attractive collar, buttoning partly down front. Finished two small pockets. In Ivory, Champagne, Beige, Grey, Putty, Onion.

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Outsizes 4/- extra.

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By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN
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LITTLE GIRLS'
COATS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

ATTRACTIVE SPRING COAT (as sketch) for little girl, in good quality Wool Marocain, finished with Multi-coloured striped trimming. In shades of Saxe and Mastic.

In size for 2 years,	18 ins.	**75/9**
,, 3 ,,	20 ,,	**79/6**
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,, 5 ,,	24 ,,	**89/6**

PRETTY STRAW HAT in shades to blend with coat, trimmed ribbon Rosette. - - - - **35/9**

Sent on approval.

Catalogue post free

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

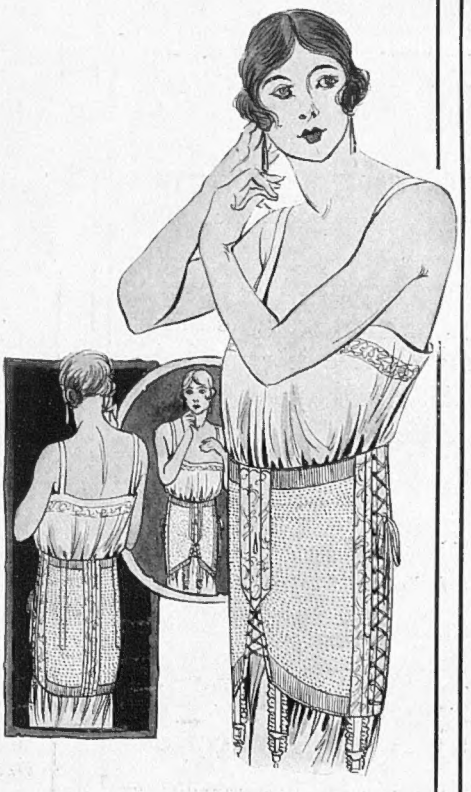
PERFECT FITTING
CORSETS
OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Artistically designed by our Corsetiere and made in our own workrooms under her personal supervision. Best materials only used. Ideal for support, comfort, durability and elegance.

Best Quality White Porous Silk Tricot Anglais elastic and Broche Belt, *closed front and back, with side lacing and shaped at top to prevent rucking up giving a very slim effect, specially suitable for small waists and full hips.*

Price
Sizes 26 to 30 in. 6½ Gns.
Over 30 inches - 7 ,,

For correct measurements, size of waist and hips should be taken without corsets.



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

BEAUTY'S CHAIN
of Preparations for Needs of Beauty

IT has never been Phyllis Earle policy to attempt to undersell possible competitors, but rather to provide preparations of guaranteed purity and real excellence. All Phyllis Earle Aids to Beauty are prepared in the wonderfully equipped laboratories, under the close supervision of chemist-cosmeticians. The result of this care is that they are without equal, both in range and in beauty—creating potency. The following are a few of the Phyllis Earle successes.

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WHITENING CREAM, No. 73. Keeps the hands soft, smooth and white. Is not sticky and can therefore, be used during the day as well as at night. In Three Sizes, 2/6, 4/6 and 7/6.

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COMPLEXION POWDERS. - In two sizes and eight shades deliciously perfumed. Price, 4/6, 7/6 and 12/6 per box.

Dainty List of Phyllis Earle Preparations, of which the six described above are examples merely, gladly sent post free on request.

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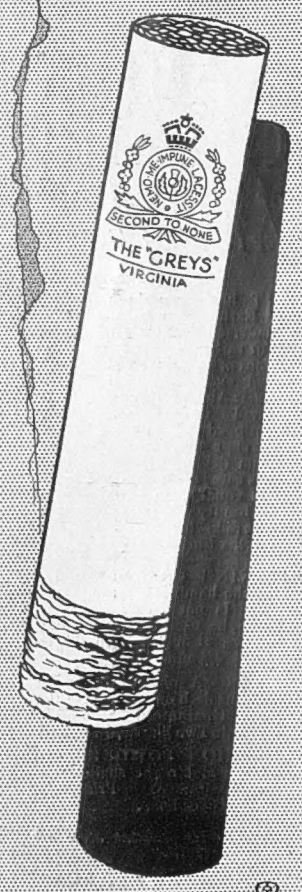
15, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3016 (3 lines).

GREYS big 8

There are many ways of testing a cigarette but none so good as smoking it.



Neat and Tidy HAIR on all Heads

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps (will not soil hat linings or pillows). Anzora Viola for dry scalps. Both are sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES
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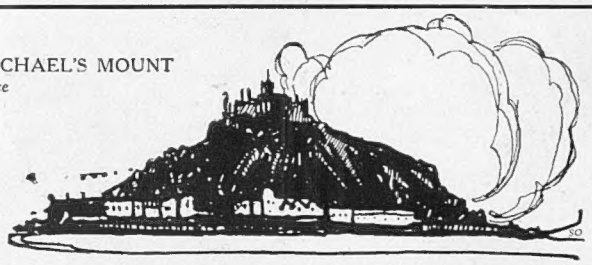
ANZORA

BECAUSE IT
MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London.



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The CORNISH RIVIERA

THE wonderful coast scenery of romantic Cornwall, with its rugged rocks, delightful coves, and old-world villages, affords material for the type of holiday that no other travel experience can efface from the memory. Apart from its unsurpassed scenic attractions, the climate is remarkable for its mildness and equability and the County is eminently suitable for residence or holidays in the late Winter and early Spring.

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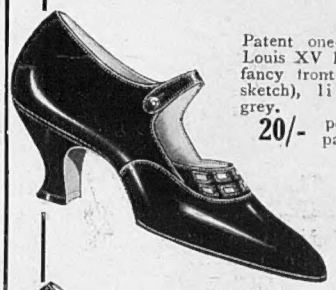
a beautifully illustrated travel book (price 6d.), also train service and fare information, can be obtained at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or from the Superintendent of the line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

G.W.R., Paddington Station FELIX J. C. POLE, *General Manager*

NEW SPRING SHOES

At **20/-** per pair.



Patent one-bar, Louis XV heel, fancy front (as sketch), lined grey.
20/- per pair

Tan willow one-bar buckle shoe, with smart medium leather heel.
20/- per pair

Full brogued tan willow bar shoe, with medium leather heel (as sketch).
20/- per pair
Every pair guaranteed solid leather.

Patent one-button bar shoe with smart military heel. Also in brown glacé and black kid.
20/- per pair

Two-button bar shoe, Louis XV heel, in patent black glacé and brown glacé kid.
20/- per pair

The net crêpe sole shoe, in brown willow calf. This shoe is made with crêpe sole, leather heel, and ¼ rubber in the heel (as sketch)
20/- per pair

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

The daintiness of an Evening Frock

depends so much upon its condition. Such frocks do not "wear out"; but they may look dowdy after being worn but a few times. Skilful cleaning and "refinishing" restores their original charm. Our experts are trained in the treatment of fragile and valuable gowns, and for many, many years the leading ladies' papers have recommended "Achille Serre" for this class of work. Our processes include the removal of all spots and stains, and are absolutely safe and reliable. Yet our charges are most reasonable. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure "Milady's Dress," which includes a Price List and addresses of our Branches throughout the country?

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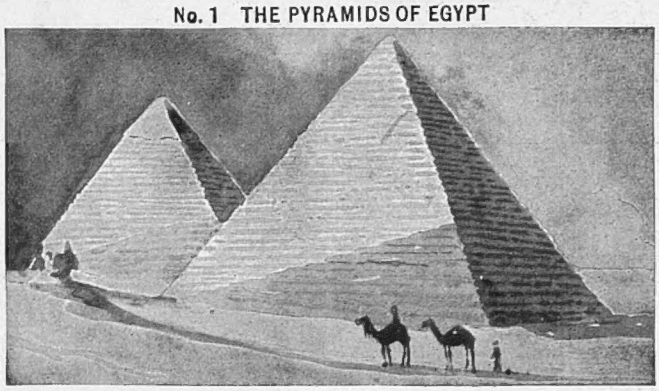
STUDINGTON

and the Seven Wonders of the World.

No. 1 THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT



EVEN in these days of advanced civilization we marvel at the combined feats of brain and labour which resulted in the creation of these remarkable mausoleums.

Nevertheless, we may smile at the mentality of a people who indulged in such arduous efforts for the comfortable accommodation of the dead.

Happily, we now devote our efforts to the comfortable well-being of the living—an important part of which is the wearing of clothes that are elegant, and yet appropriate to our variable climate.

'Studington' productions combine these essential qualities. The distinctiveness of their design and materials—of which there is unlimited choice—ensures satisfaction to the most discriminating wearer.

Lounge suits from 8½ gns. Overcoats from 6 gns. Dinner Jacket Suits from 9 gns. Evening Dress Suits from 11 gns

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED
MAKERS OF GOOD CLOTHES
51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.
ABBEY HOUSE, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

O & S

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN
DISTINCTIVE KNITTED WEAR

***Knitted Frock** (as sketch) made in an attractive design from super quality wool with Rayon to match, or tone. Useful and becoming Frock for general wear. In all new season's colours.*

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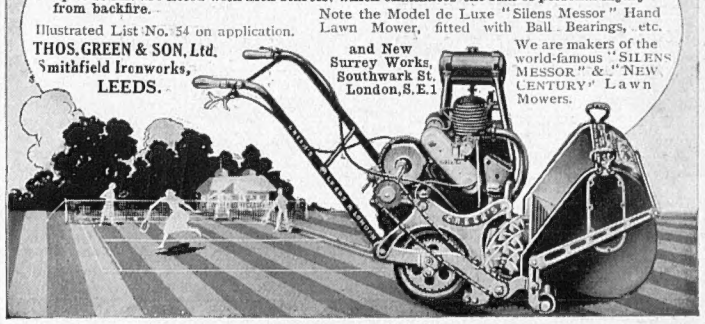

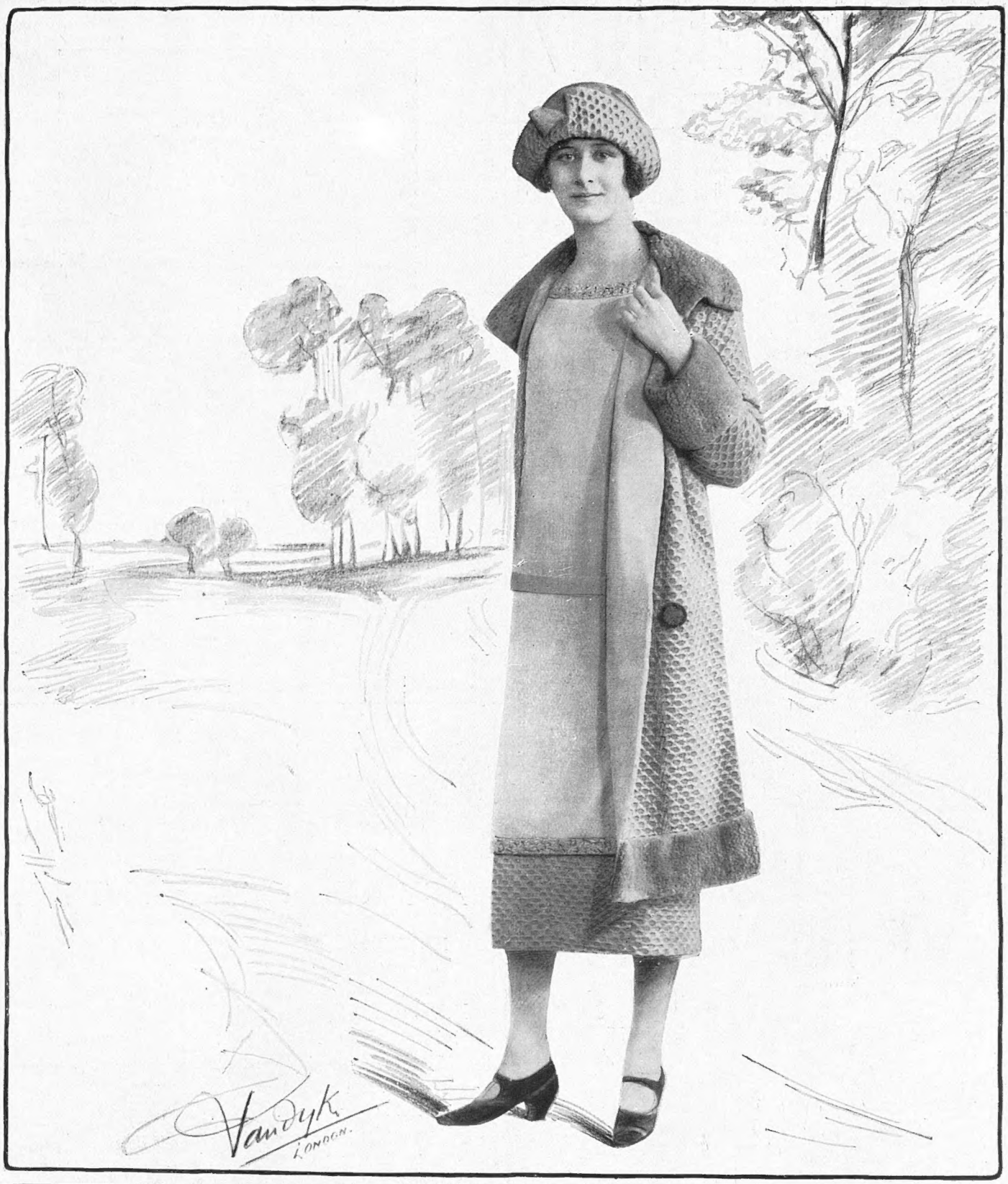

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The Bystander, February 25, 1925 No. 1108. Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. JACK NEEDHAM

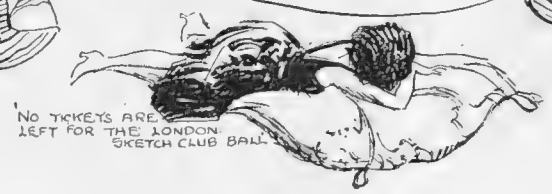
The charming wife of Captain Evelyn Jack Needham, of the Northamptonshire Regiment. Her husband is a cousin of the Earl of Kilmorey

A Move for the Better

BY E. T. REED

Now that "Eros" has lost his Piccadilly "pitch," some of his fellow-statues may have a similar fate in store. It would be as well for the Authorities to begin to consider how best to combine *utility* with these enforced peregrinations

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Mr. K. and a King

ALWAYS travel in buses in preference to taxis—what you lose in comfort you gain in interest. Riding in a bus at the time of Mr. Kirkwood's remarks on the Prince's tour, I heard a gentleman ask another gentleman, "What the old Queen would have said about it all." The second gentleman was unable to answer this poser, and so we shall never know in what light the activities of the new school of politicians would have been viewed by Queen Victoria. Had the enquirer asked what King Edward would have done, I think I could have told him. Like all sane folk, he would have laughed consumedly.

Those Strange Years

LOOKING through my pocket-book for a pound that wasn't there, I have found instead a ticket for the Royal Artillery Band Concert which I was unable to use, owing to a sudden call to the country. I haven't heard the Artillery Band since my friend, Stretton, who wields the baton, turned up in a certain small mess at Charleroi, and dragged me off to his concert, returning later to talk far into the night on the strange happenings of those strange years and the possibilities of the years to come. If he gives me a third chance to hear his magnificent band, I shall most certainly be there.

A Polite Fiction

MR. E. V. LUCAS in his admirable *Sunday Times* causerie, wonders why dramatists are so apt to discard their characters after a play has been written, instead of utilising them for a possible sequel. It is a pleasant superstition that an author comes to love the creatures of his imagination; that he allows them to work out their own destinies and that he weeps when the final word is penned. This polite fiction dies hard, but I fancy it is much more probable that your professional writing man becomes heartily sick of his characters as the end is neared, and that the labour of writing causes him to lay aside his pen with a feeling of intense relief that he has at length seen the last of them.

Wembley Again

THERE seems to be no reason why Wembley should not be more successful than ever this year. In the first place, there will be no weeks of chaos, mud and misery such as were experienced by the first early visitors, for the paths and roads will be in apple-pie order on the opening day. And what a difference Sunday opening will make—always supposing that we get it! It should be the big popular day, if great efforts are made to provide the very best music, and lots of it. I don't think the Amusement Park would suffer from a rest of one day in seven, but there must be some form of light entertainment, and two or three military bands, with a good concert or two inside, would probably fill the bill.

No Tickets Left

I HATE to disappoint you, but no tickets are left for the London Sketch Club Ball, to be held this year at the Wharncliffe Rooms on the 27th inst. This jolly affair is easily the best thing of its kind in London, and the attendance is strictly limited to artists and their friends—numbering upwards of six hundred.

Pubs and Clubs

IT really seems probable that the control of night clubs will soon be as strict as the control of licensed premises. In other words, bad night clubs will be dealt with as severely

"LORDS"—THE HOPES OF THEIR SIDES By Blam

(With acknowledgments to the well-known picture)

as bad public houses, and I don't see why the promoters should grumble on that account. After all, the police don't require a search warrant before they walk into the little pub just round the corner, and the result of their attentions has been to keep such places closed during prohibited hours—whatever else may be said of them. The British public-house is a poor sort of place, but the punctuality with which it opens and shuts leaves nothing to be desired.

A Rude Awakening

THEATRICAL managers who complain of rising costs due to trade union activities before and behind the curtain get little sympathy from the actors, who are more often than not members of this or that intellectual socialistic coterie. The other Sunday such an actor embarked on the great adventure of taking a theatre and providing a delightful entertainment. All the tickets were sold, the applause was unstinted, and the performance left nothing to be desired. It was a case of roses, roses all the way—until the bill came in, when the promoter found that his friends the Trade Unionists had charged him three times as much for their services as the wicked manager had charged for his theatre.

The Industrial Goose

TALKING of Trade Unionism, I was not at all surprised to find that Lord Weir's steel-framed houses are not to pass unchallenged, though whether the attempt to enforce "building trades conditions" will prove successful remains to be seen. I am tired of protesting my faith in the Trade Union movement so long as it is conducted on sane lines, but we are getting a little nervous of the bleeding of an industry and the bullying tactics of certain small but aggressive sections. By all means squeeze, shake or otherwise harass the goose that lays the golden eggs, but don't cut its throat—unless, of course, you are so anxious to see it die that you don't care whether or no the supply of golden eggs runs out.

A Rash Statement

COLLABORATION is always a little baffling and, myself, I find it very intriguing to wonder which of two authors wrote a particular thing. Take the new novel, *The Forbidden Hour*, for which Maude Crossley and Charles King are responsible. Opening it at random, I read:

> "Do you know," he cried, gaily, "that three-quarters of the surface of the earth is sea?"
>
> "Then three-quarters of the world is heaven:"

Well, well! If Miss Crossley (or was it Mr. King) had crossed the Channel on a certain evening——!

The New Capitol

LET us hope it isn't a sign of the times that while our cathedrals are crumbling to decay, new theatres and cinemas are rising in our midst. A few weeks ago, the beautiful little Fortune Theatre—perfect in almost every detail—was opened on the opposite side of the road to Drury Lane, and more recently the Capitol started business within a stone's throw of Piccadilly. Very soon, we shall find the pressure on our theatres being released, and then the seats will come down.

Return to Oblivion

ONCE this happens, the genuine play producer, as distinct from the financial speculator, will return to his own. For some years past, theatrical men with normal working capital have been frozen out by the big syndicates, but when fortunes can once more be made on the combination of a lot of brain and a little money, the man whose knowledge is confined to paying big royalties for imported goods will sink back into the comparative oblivion to which he belongs.

Frank and the Dragon

FRANK HODGES rendered his party signal service when he said that one of the greatest curses of the higher reaches of the Labour movement was the monster of jealousy. The reason that its opponents usually wear a complacent smile in spite of temporary reverses is that they rely on internal dissensions to nullify successes at the poll, however sensational these may appear at the time. The Labour Party is well disciplined up to a point, but, like the Germans, its members are apt to ignore the human element, which *will* keep cropping up to the detriment of their most delightful dreams.

"The Graphic"

THE issue of February 28 will be a notable one in the long history of *The Graphic*, for in addition to all the usual features it will contain a splendid double-page drawing by Donald Maxwell, printed in a new colour process. In the same issue the first of an important new series of articles on that highly speculative problem "What the Future Holds" will be published. To it, many eminent men of the day are contributing. The first article is by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson on "The Future of Field Warfare."

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

"Duty Done and Duty Doing"

THE King's attack of bronchitis caused much unnecessary apprehension, but this, I think, was chiefly due to the somewhat alarmist posters indulged in by some of the newspapers. You could count on the fingers of one hand the number of times the King has given up any public engagement through illness. In fact, it requires a doctor's order to make him do it. It is the same with the Queen. Many times when other folk would take a legitimate rest because of cold, headache or other minor affliction, both their Majesties keep strictly to their engagements.

Of course, in addition to public disappointment there is always the question of public alarm over any announcement of the King or Queen being ill, and this has to be taken into consideration by the Royal medical advisers.

Sport and General

READY FOR THE FRAY

Mr. Hartley Hegeler, dressed for the part, chatting with the Hon. Barbara Frankland and Miss Coles before competing in one of the events at the Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham

February Colds

THERE has been the usual February epidemic of colds and influenza, but this year both colds and influenza have had a malicious twist in them, which has not only sent people to bed in a high state of fever, but has kept them there. Lord Carisbrooke, for instance, has been in bed for three weeks. Another victim is the Duke of Rutland.

A 'VARSITY AFFAIR *Sport and General*

Some of the spectators at the Cambridge University Steeplechases, held at Cottenham last week. The photograph shows: Lady Rachel Stuart (left), Mr. and Miss Barclay, Mrs. Sware and Miss North

Dancing and Giving in Marriage

THERE are still a goodly number of people who disapprove of dance-giving in Lent. This probably accounts for the rush of dances during these last three weeks. There has been one somewhere or other nearly every night. Lord Astor lent his sister, Mrs. Spender-Clay, his house in St. James's Square for the coming-out dance she gave for her daughter. Lady Denman gave a dance in Brooke Street for her daughter, the Hon. Judith Denman; Lady Londonderry and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Somerset likewise were dance hostesses.

People, too, have been hurrying to the altar before Lent sets in, very few brides caring to be married in that time of ashes and mortification. So, what with one thing and the other, these last few weeks have been very gay, especially as the end of the shooting season brought a good many men to London.

AT "BRUM" *Alfieri*

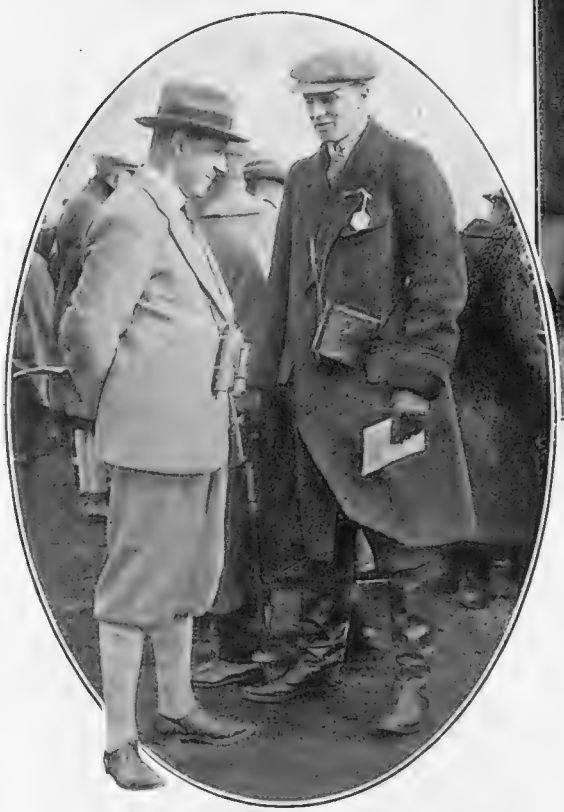
Mr. Parker (left), Lady Petersham and Major "Rattle" Barrett on their way to the paddock at Bromford Bridge. The steeplechase meeting drew a large number of spectators again this year

The Paderewski Concert

I HAVE seen some thrilling sights in the Albert Hall, but nothing to equal the enthusiasm of the audience at the concert Paderewski gave in aid of the British Legion. Nobody seeing the shouting, cheering people standing on their seats, and the rapturous crowd thronging the platform and clinging on to the brass rail could accuse us of

being a cold-blooded and phlegmatic people. And what a concert it was! Paderewski is a magician, and a magician with iron muscles. For three solid hours, with only a quarter of an hour's break, he sat at the piano, playing as only he can play—a remarkable physical feat for a man of over sixty. At the end of the programme, in response to the calls of the audience, he sat down again and gave encore after encore.

The Queen was in the Royal box with Princess Helena Victoria and Lady Carisbrooke. The King was to have accompanied her, but was laid up with that unfortunate attack of bronchitis. By the way, I noticed that one newspaper said her Majesty left the Albert Hall at 9.30 in order to go back to the King. This was a mistake. The Queen remained until the end. During the interval her Majesty went into the retiring-room at the back of the Royal box, and there she received M. Paderewski.



Sport and General

"HARE AND HOUNDS"

Mr. Jack Jarvis, the Newmarket trainer (left), chatting with Lord Molyneux at Altcar. A feature of the early rounds of the Waterloo Cup was the mysterious illness of seven of the candidates

Alfieri

WITH THE "FOOTSLOGGERS"

Four followers of the Guildford and Shere Beagles caught by the camera at a meet at Puttenham before getting "on the run." The photograph shows Mr. Wright (left), Mrs. Odling Smee, Miss Morshead, and Mr. John Glover

Special Press

OFF PARADE

Miss Gladys Cooper, with her son, enjoying a hard-earned holiday at St. Moritz after her many strenuous days at the Adelphi

ON THE WATERLOO (CUP) BATTLEFIELD *Sport and General*

Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge on the course at Altcar. The dogs are Sir Woodman's "Warderess," which was beaten in the first round, and Mr. H. Charles' "Beaded Dick"

The funds of the British Legion must have benefited greatly by M. Paderewski's princely generosity, for the huge building was packed with people.

A Hunting Jubilee

PAST followers of the East Kent Foxhounds—and there are a good many of them scattered all over the world—will be glad to hear that Mr. W. H. Selby-Lowndes's twenty-fifth anniversary as Master—his jubilee—will be celebrated by

Lenare

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Barbara Pearman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pearman, of Kensington, who is to be married to Mr. Frank Bromfield next month. Her elder sister, Julia, is to be married to Mr. Spencer Wood on the same day

a Ladies' Hunt Dance on Friday this week, at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone. Present followers are sure to be there in full strength. Mr. Selby-Lowndes is one of the most popular of Masters. There will be a meet of the East Kent on the Leas at Folkestone on Saturday morning, when a record attendance is

Photopress

THE WEDDING MARCH

Mr. Basil Hill-Wood and his bride, the Hon. Joan Brand, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with their bridal retinue after the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Sir Samuel and the Hon. Lady Hill-Wood. The bride is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hampden

expected as a further commemoration of the anniversary.

Friends Yet Foes

MR. ASQUITH'S introduction to the House of Lords on taking his seat as Earl of Oxford and Asquith was one of those puzzling things in English social life which are beyond the comprehension of foreigners, even of foreigners who know us well.

One of his sponsors was the

SIGNORA ELENA PREZIOSI-TITTONI

A portrait by Piero Malmesi of the wife of Signor Gabriele Preziosi, Councillor of the Italian Embassy. She is the daughter of the Italian statesman, Senator Tommaso Tittoni

Aitken

LEAVING CHURCH

Mr. Ivan Stancioff, only son of M. Dimitri Stancioff (formerly Bulgarian Minister to the Court of St. James's) and Mme. Stancioff, leaving Brompton Oratory with his bride, Marion, only daughter of the late Mr. James Mitchell, of New York, and Mrs. Mitchell

Earl of Balfour, one of his weightiest political opponents, and Lord Lansdowne, despite his age and increasing infirmity, made a special attendance at the House to welcome into the peerage a man against whom for years he had directed his most incisive invectives.

It shows that politics in our time are only skin-deep. Wild asses and blood horses would never have dragged Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield to be sponsors for each other on any occasion. Political opponents in their day never met. Now, they dine and go on yachting cruises together. Well, this tolerance of other people's political opinions isn't entirely of the present day

A FRIENDLY TRIO *Compton Collier*

The Hon. Priscilla Dodson, daughter of Lord and Lady Monk Bretton, at Conyboro, the family seat near Lewes. Her father, who as private secretary to the Secretary of State for the Colonies accompanied Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on his historic tour to South Africa, is a Deputy Lieutenant for East Sussex and a member of the London County Council

of grace and understanding. Lord Balfour was my Lord Oxford and Asquith's best man at his wedding.

Talk and the Title

BETWEEN you and me and the gate-post I don't think that either my Lord Kinnoull or Mr. G. H. Drummond have made what is called "a dignified figure" in their protests against the former Liberal Prime Minister taking the title of Earl of Oxford. Lord Kinnoull's interest was only on the female side, yet he spoke to reporters of Mr. Asquith "pinching our title." Mr. Drummond, the head of Drummond's Bank, in a correspondence with Mr. Asquith which he sent to the newspapers, complained that this taking of the title of Oxford was a lack of courtesy.

As a matter of historical fact, the two old earldoms of Oxford are as extinct as Sunday's shoulder of mutton in a boarding house on Thursday. So there was no reason why the former Liberal Prime Minister should not take the title. A forebear of Mr. Drummond's used to say "I have all the de Vere portraits, and I ought to be Earl of Oxford."

An Unfortunate Accident

MRS. DUDLEY COATS'S hunting accident turns out to be more serious than was anticipated at first. Her leg was found to be broken in two places, but after it was set two other fractures were discovered. So the leg had to be broken again and re-set. This means a long confinement to the house. Mrs. Dudley Coats's husband is the second son of Sir Stuart Coats, whose father was a member of the great sewing-cotton firm. She is a great friend of the younger members of the Royal Family, whom she has known since she was a child.

Steamships and Carpets

GRANTLEY HALL near Ripon, which is said to be one of the best sporting estates in Yorkshire, has just changed hands. It belonged to Viscount Furness, whose father the first baron, founded the "Furness Line" of steamships. Lord Furness, who succeeded his father twelve years ago—two years after the creation of the peerage, got his viscounty during the War.

The purchaser of Grantley is Sir William Aykroyd, a great carpet manufacturer, who was made a baronet five years ago.

Hay Wrightson

THE NEW LADY PEEL

Better known to theatre-goers as Miss Beatrice Lillie, whose husband, Sir Robert Peel, has succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER *Topical*

Out with the Quorn at Lowesby Hall, the Marquis of Blandford's seat

A Hospital in Danger

MR. GLENTON-KERR, the secretary of the Queen's Hospital for Children, tells me that the splendid work done for the bairns by this fine establishment in Bethnal Green is in grave danger through lack of funds. A deficit of £5,082 brought forward from 1923 was increased to one of £10,858 by December 31, 1924. So let me remind you of a dance to be held at Claridge's on March 10 in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children and the Russian Relief Fund for widows and orphans. It is being organised by Princess Stephanie Dolgorouky, and the list of patronesses, headed by H.R.H. Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, includes the Duchess of Rutland, Susan Duchess of Somerset, Priscilla Lady Annesley, Lady Massereene and Ferrard, Lady Moira Combe, Princess Paola Wiasemsky, Princess Lydia Obolensky, and Lady Congreve. Tickets, priced 30*s.* (inclusive of supper), can be obtained at Claridge's or from the Committee.

The Riviera Week by Week

CUTTING A GOOD FIGURE *Keystone*

The Riviera draws its visitors from many climes during its sunny season even from the mythical "land o' giants," as is evidenced by the large and handsome gentleman, complete with (we hope) wife and child at the Nice Carnival

CANNES

THE first Battle of Flowers at Cannes, the "Fête du Mimosa," went off in great style in blazing sunshine. The Esplanade has been considerably enlarged since last year by the dumping of thousands of loads of earth into the sea, and the reserved enclosures were therefore much larger than on any previous occasion. But so was the crowd, which beat all records, and plenty of late-comers never got inside at all, while many of those who did found it difficult to get a good view of the proceedings.

THE Fête Venetienne, which followed the Fête du Mimosa, was really a fairy-like scene. Under a brilliant moon and on a sea like glass, some hundreds of illuminated boats were towed along in front of the Croisette by a score of motor-boats for an hour, in the presence of an immense crowd of delighted spectators. An excellent display of fireworks near the harbour followed, and a blaze of coloured fires revealed the picturesque outlines of the old town on the hill of Le Suquet, bringing the day's festivities to an impressive close. One shudders to think of the fate of any similar event attempted on the East Anglian coast in mid-winter!

IT is distressing to have to admit, however, that our wonderful winter weather broke down at last, and on the very eve of the Carnival period. The terrific gales which had been causing such havoc throughout the British Isles and the north of France at last managed to disturb the serenity of the Côte d'Azur, and just as His Majesty King Carnival XLVII of Nice and his brother monarch at Cannes were all dressed up and ready to enter their respective kingdoms the storm broke, and for the first time this season a public festival had to be postponed. We are not accustomed to high seas at Cannes, and the remarkable spectacle of giant waves breaking over the Jetée Albert Edouard and along the Croisette attracted visitors and natives alike during the week-end. Fortunately, this kind of thing does not last long here, and now all is sunny once more, and the gardens are all the fresher for their baptism. The barometer has settled down again—or rather, up.

LORD and Lady Cromwell, whose marriage the other day attracted much attention, have arrived at the Carlton for their honeymoon. A good deal of entertaining is being done at this smart hotel, where the gala dinners are always bright, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor has given several interesting luncheons recently, one being in honour of his friend, Mr. Seymour Berry, when the other guests included Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby, Princess Elisabeth of Greece, Mr. W. J. Locke and Miss Sheila Locke (Mrs. Locke was unfortunately away undergoing a cure at Bath), M. Thiebault Cahn of Paris, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Cresswell, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Callaghan, Mrs. Seymour Berry and Mrs. Craufurd.

AMONG the prominent English visitors who have recently bought property here are Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, who are the new owners of the Villa Springland, which is now generally admitted to have the most beautiful garden on the Riviera. Lord Wolverton has also purchased a country estate near Cannes, and is said to be contemplating the culture of flowers on an extensive scale—surely the most delightful of industries in these flower-sprinkled parts. Lady Hawtrey is staying at Beau-Desert with Sir Edward and Lady Hulton, and other arrivals are the Countess of Arran, who has come for a month's visit, Lady Glanusk, Sir Charles and Lady MacLeod, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Drew, and Captain and Mrs. Ivan Barrington-White. For the first time an English theatrical company has been seen in Cannes, Miss Betty Fairfax and Mr. Keith Kenneth having given H. V. Esmond's comedy, *Eliza Comes to Stay*, at Olympia, and everyone is hoping that this is only the beginning of regular entertainments in English, for which we have been asking for a long time past.

THE annual competition for the Town Challenge Bowl at St. Raphael drew a big crowd to the golf course at Valescure, the spectators including Sir Frederick and Lady Chance, Brigadier-General Metcalf, Commander and Mrs. Lucas, Sir Percy Robinson, Brigadier-General Makins, Mr. Oliphant Shaw, Commander and Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Mitchell-Innes, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Meikle, Mrs. C. C. Johns, Sir Henry G. Holt, and Mrs. W. H. Lewis. The winner in the men's contest was Mr. Boden, while Mrs. Clayton won the final for the ladies. The Hon. Eileen Gray has arrived at the Villa Alex for the season, Lady Stucley has taken La Bastide de Vallelongue, and Lord and Lady Ashcombe are back at the Villa Saint-Baume again.

THE golf competition for THE BYSTANDER trophies for the Nice Golf Club, was played at Cagnes on February 12, and resulted in some interesting golf. About fifty players took part, the winners being Miss G. Ellsmie and Mr. F. C. Robertson, with Mr. and Mrs. Hallas second.

D. W. THORBURN

STEPS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION *G.P.U.*

Mrs. T. J. Callaghan (left), Mr. T. J. Callaghan (the Welsh coal magnate), Mrs. Seymour Berry, Mr. Seymour Berry, Mrs. Stuart Cresswell and Dr. Stuart Cresswell, taking steps that lead to the sunshine at Cannes

Sport and Sunshine on the Côte d'Azur

A CARLTON COUPLE

Lord Charles Hope and Miss Bennett at the Carlton Lawn Tennis Club at Cannes

SET FAIR

Sir Thomas MacAlpine, Mrs. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. A. MacAlpine on the courts at Cannes. The Carlton tournament started in fine weather but the finals had to be postponed for several days

MRS. CREASY

Playing in the Carlton Club Tournament. She and her partner, Miss M. B. Brown, were beaten by Mrs Beamish and Mrs. Satterthwaite in the second round

AT MANDELIEU

Major Magor and Baron Bonstetten (Major Magor's No. 1) discussing polo problems between chukkers

THE "COAT" D'AZURE

Miss Woolland and the Hon. Mrs. Colston at the Carlton Courts during the tournament

Sport & General and E. Navelle

SIGNOR GIRELLI

The Italian winner of the Grand Prix, at the butts at the "Tir Aux Pigeons," Monte Carlo

Motley Musings

IN a correspondent's letter in a contemporary about a garden, there is a strange "derangement of epitaphs." The writer seems to be the proud possessor of a noble bed of "asthmas and malarias." His "dear little dropsies" and "deep purple quinsies" must certainly be worth looking at (or to !), but we don't much like the idea of a decorative "border of anthrax."

. . . . . .

ANYHOW, we hope his double pneumonias are doing well.

. . . . . .

IN a letter to us the writer asks whether we remember Dame Ellen Terry as the Nurse in the last revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. We do remember her. *And* the rest of the cast. *And* that the Nurse put 'em all to bed.

. . .

A verse to meat the butchers want. They've got
No Laureate to hymn the steaks we eat—
An easy task for me because I'm not
Averse to meat !

. . .

SOME people, hitherto of a scientific temperament, are wondering whether, after all, the sun isn't a Solar myth.

. . . . . .

"How many really finished actors have we ?" asks a critic. It is a nasty question; but lots of them are getting to the end of their tether.

. . .

WE read that at a recent football match when a spectator threw a bottle at the referee the crowd hooted the thrower. But surely no one can aim straight every time.

WE are told that in a few years the blonde type will become extinct. That should be an excellent reason for subsidising our flagging dye industries.

. . . . . .

THE choicest humour is certainly found in those orators who rejoice Hyde Park audiences. Last Sunday we actually heard one of these tub-titillators begin his discourse, "Talking about work——! "

. . . . . .

WE are said soon to be entering on a cycle of songs about chewing gum. We have ourselves composed a plantation lyric, entitled "Massa chews it down in Massachusetts."

. . . . . .

"BURGLAR Steals Kiss From Typist" was a recent poster headline. Yet no reward was offered for the return of the lost property.

. . . . . .

PROFESSOR OOZLEBERRY has long had a theory as to why Cleopatra really committed suicide. Now Mr. Monro comes along with another. He maintains—

She died, historians relate,
Through making a false asp irate.

QUITE PLAIN ! By STAN TERRY

WAITER: "I think this wire must be for you, sir—I was told to give it to the coloured gentleman"

BEFORE AND AFTER

Men make up a funny collection :
Some chaps, whom I've known all their lives,
Complain of the lack of affection
They claim should be shown by their wives.

They sigh for the days when they wooed her,
Ere yet she grew callous and harsh,
And recall how she lovingly glued her
Twin lips to an ardent moustache !

Jones says that the wife of his bosom
Once clung like a leech round his neck,
And called him her own "wuzzy-wuzzum"—
Now, all that he gets is a peck !
Returning home, Brown finds his bride bored ;
Caresses are not to her taste ;
So her kiss, like the plate on his sideboard,
Is merely as heavily chaste !

The grievance is there ; but I've thought it
A natural sequel, for who
Runs after a bus when they've caught it ?
It's a thing that no lady would do !
The complaint always strikes me as funny ;
Take the case of my own bit of fluff :
She won't kiss me unless she wants money ;
BUT I FIND THAT'S QUITE OFTEN ENOUGH !

. . .

"NEVER mind," said the optimist cheerfully as he surveyed his empty coal-cellar, "after all, spring is only half a hundredweight away."

. . .

"No, dear," he stoutly maintained to his wife, "I have *not* got the sack. It is merely the partial push ! "

. . .

IT is a fact that to most men the missing collar-stud is of more importance than the missing link.

. . .

HE was expounding his pet scheme to her while they were dancing. "You must realise," said he as he trod heavily on her instep, "there is a movement on foot——! "

. . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: No. The fact that your breath comes in short pants does not mean you are in your second childhood.

HARTLEY CARRICK

The Ayes Have It—Also the Nose

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MOTHER FLUGERM *(to her youngest)*: "Come back at once, Fluellyn! Can't you see he's got it already? You'll catch it yourself before you've done, and give it to the rest of the family"

"SPRING CLEANING" AT ST. MARTIN'S

Produced January 29, 1925

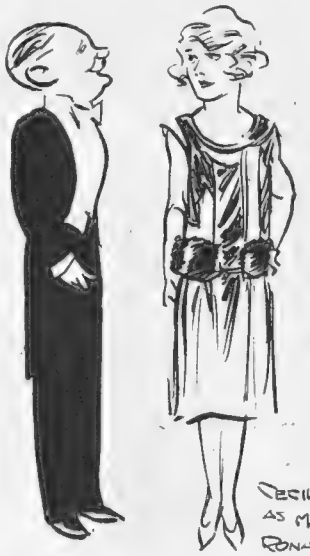
By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

IT has of late become the fashion to castigate the morals of certain sections of Society alleged to have given themselves over to the habits of the jungle. The optimist will, however, properly refuse to believe that this degeneracy is characteristic of any but very small numbers; and the inference will accordingly be that these local outbreaks of misconduct have been over-estimated because, from the dramatist's point of view, they lend themselves to "daring" situations, for which, if it should prove absolutely necessary, chapter and verse of sorts can be supplied. This is another play about the very smart people who are supposed to have nothing to do but to find new ways of defying the conventions; but its startling feature is the very drastic remedy employed by an anxious and loving husband to prevent his young and charming wife from taking the wrong turning.

RICHARD SONES is a novelist, and it follows naturally, therefore, that he is quite well-to-do, with a Town house and a butler and the other social and financial advantages of the literary life. Being an author who sticks closely to his job, he naturally does not see so much of his wife Margaret in her home life as do people of greater leisure. There is Ernest Steele, for instance, who is a regular hunter of the Fair, and is given to boast of his "conquests." As the curtain rises he is in process of "conquering" Margaret, and is getting along swimmingly. She listens eagerly to the usual dope about the happiness it gives Steele merely to be near her, to say nothing of holding her hand. Then "atmosphere" is provided by the introduction of some of Margaret's friends who come to drink complicated cocktails at her husband's expense, doubtless realising that as he is an author he must naturally have money to burn.

CLAUDE GRAHAM AS WALTERS

MARGARET claims the right to choose her own friends; but it looks, for the most part, as if they had chosen her. They are quite a dreadful lot. The married ladies are there without their husbands, escorted by a gentleman friend who is obviously first favourite. And the only unmarried young lady of the group is a girl barely out of her teens, who scoffs at the idea of spoiling her fun by getting married when there are so many undutiful husbands ready to bask in her smiles. This is a quite remarkable little character-sketch by Miss Edna Best, who speaks her deliciously impudent lines with a gentle simplicity that robs them of their sting. Included among the guests is a horribly effeminate young man who "does not like women," and who speaks for himself, both by word and gesture. As a man of the world who has few illusions left, Richard Sones strongly protests against such obviously decadent company for his wife. He regards her lady friends who accept trinkets in return for favours conceded, as mere amateurs competing with the professional of the pavement, and when she is shocked at this bitter, but not very extravagant comparison, he announces his intention of being present at one of his wife's dinners and bringing a "friend" with him.



CECILY BYRNE AS MARGARET
RONALD SQUIRE AS STEELE

MONA ADDRESSES A FEW WORDS TO ARCHIE!
(EDMOND BREON)

DINNER is served. Sones arrives in morning dress and announces blandly that his "friend" is in the hall putting the finishing touches to her complexion. When the lady arrives there is no doubt of her disastrous identity, and a gasp of horror goes through the company. Sones explains sweetly that the difference between his wife's guests and his lady friend is one of degree rather than of kind; but that does not console them for the horror of having breathed the same atmosphere as a lady who has so clearly arrived direct from the pavement. I think it is Mr. Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, who says that married women above all ought to be most grateful to their disinherited sister, since but for her they would not be left to enjoy the cherished principle of monogamy. But then, this is very exact logic, and it would, perhaps, be too much to expect the ladies to accept a conclusion arrived at by such methods.

THE name of the Lost One is Mona, which by a strange coincidence is a name sometimes erroneously assigned to the Isle of Man. She has very little to say until the outraged company have all departed, and then she proves to be a philosopher and a woman of observation. She tells Sones that although his wife has solemnly protested that she will never

forgive him for the outrage he has put upon her, she loves him still. When, a little later, Sones has gone to his club for good, Mona rings the club on the telephone, and, pretending to be Mrs. Sones, asks that a message may be taken to Mr. Sones to the effect that his wife wants him back. Mona, is in fact, the perfect mediator, and is the only one of the ladies who is really and tenderly human. De Quincey, in his "Confessions," tells us that while he was stranded alone and penniless in London, he received most kindnesses from the women of the street, and Mona's attitude would seem to support this claim. Her manner is soft and gentle, and she is clearly resolved to heal the breach between husband and wife even to the possible disadvantage of her own professional interests. The character is played with a perfect art by Miss Cathleen Nesbit, who while emphasising the essential qualities of the vulgar little creature, softens her asperities with welcome delicacy.

THE difficult and complex part of the polished scoundrel, Ernest Steele, is played with much distinction by Mr. Ronald Squire. When Margaret, at her cross-roads, has decided to leave her husband and go to Steele on the understanding that he will marry her in due course, he realises that the complication has gone farther than he intended. In a series of scenes brilliantly written and superbly acted, Steele provides the soft answers that turn away Sones's wrath. He is so sure of himself than his rather violent change from the heartless libertine to the man of feeling comes easily to a convincing conclusion. Sones has hurried home with the view of kicking the fellow out of the house, and a little later the two are having a glass of whisky together, while Sones listens to Steele's plan for making reconciliation complete. The wit and ingenuity of the last act are of quite unusual excellence. The task before the author is, practically, to prove that black is white, and he gets through his job with remarkable success.

IT requires no little art to turn hate into admiration inside of ten minutes or so; but this is the feat that Mr. Squire accomplishes with ease. It may be that Sones, weakening somewhat in this anxiety to recover his wife's wandering affections, yields to the new mediator a little too readily; but some concession of the kind was necessary to the achievement of the well-nigh impossible. It is a little difficult to believe that Sones is finally resolved to retain his rival as a friend of the family; and Margaret's conversion from a potential adulteress to a loving and faithful wife is like the average proposal of marriage in Victorian days—so sudden!

MISS CECILY BYRNE is the extremely attractive Margaret, and her change of mood from righteous wrath to gentle forgiveness is very gracefully effected. Mr. Ian Hunter as Richard Sones has a good deal to say in the course of enunciating his novel principles, and makes himself and them quite interesting; but he serves at best as an agreeable foil for Mr. Squire's polite rascality. I suppose that the method adopted in this play for teaching erring members of Society their duty represents about the limit. At any rate, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's well-nigh perfect methods will be difficult to beat for dramatic construction and concentrated smartness, and I think he may rest securely on his laurels. *Spring Cleaning* is of course drawing all Town, even though its theme can only be commented on in whispers.

JINGLE

RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE TRADITION WOBBLES

By "PENDARVES"

Illustrated by RIP

I DO not think the Twickenham Tradition would have wobbled on its pedestal when the green jerseys of ould Oireland appeared there if the day had been anything but what it was.

But there must needs fall a regular April shower a few minutes before the start, which just added that top layer of a porridgy consistency to a ground that had been soaked for a week or more. So that any attempt at accurate handling or kicking of this large exhibition sample of soap—you could not call it a ball—was made almost impossible.

The Irish side were, one supposes, rather pleased than otherwise about this. For if there is one thing above all earthly joys your Irishman loves, it is a rough and tumble scramble on a muddy football field. If it had been a really fine early spring day I imagine the tails of the green coat would have been trodden on to some purpose in a fairly handsome win for England: this on the run of the game as I saw it. As things turned out, however, the Twickenham Tradition shook upon its pedestal, and very nearly fell off.

For the forty odd thousand spectators (and some of them were very odd, I don't mind telling you) the fact that England at one moment towards the close of that memorable game was on the verge of being defeated—or, at any rate, drawn on points, with Mr. Vile (the best referee in the four countries, by the way) looking at his watch—furnished them with a series of nerve-shattering thrills; the like of which we always hope to experience at an international match, and so rarely do. Usually, as in the case of New Zealand and Wales this year at Twickenham, and all England's games last season, the issue has been practically beyond a doubt during the last quarter of an hour.

Not so this time. Here is the brief tale of the tension as it strung us all up, pleasurably to those who watched merely for the love of the great game, and frantically to those who had more money on it than they could afford. For an international, with such a multitude present, things opened somewhat dully. True, my waiting boredom from 2.30 until 2.50 was relieved by a friendly Ulsterman behind me, who leaned right over from a back bench (habit, I suppose) and gave me all the details of his agonies in the Irish Channel the night before. But my feelings, of course, are not the point.

England scores a typical Twickenham try, owing to the initiative of Locke, after seven minutes' play. Everyone hereupon breathed, "There, what did I tell you?" whether they had told you or not. You murmured in response, "Yes—quite," as one does, don't you know. Ludicrous I find the remarks of some people at footer matches, don't you? . . .

England, by virtue of her superfine, out-size forwards, continues to get the ball out of nearly every scrum, and we begin to talk about the score—20 points? 30 points? Ludicrous I find the remarks of . . . oh, I said that, didn't I?

When Ireland began one of her fiendish attacks about ten minutes before half-time, the wisest of us should have had a premonition of evil, because there was sting in it, and she was full of fight—getting fuller every minute. But no; when, in spite of this bombardment of our twenty-five, Locke and Smallwood reply with a crump of a try due to some lovely work with cross-passing, and the score at half-time stands at 6—0 in our favour, we spread out our hands George Robey fashion and mutter, "W-e-ll, I mean to s-a-y!" . . . .

Now see what follows. It is a pity you cannot also see some of the faces I saw in the stand during that firework display of Ireland's; it would do you a power of good. The game slides about in the mud, until suddenly Ireland scores a try. Hullo! 6-3. The game isn't won yet. It is even further from being won when Sugden, by a very clever bit of work, lets the enemy in again, and Crawford just fails with a magnificent kick to obtain a lead of two points. Stands England where she did? No.

The time is now 4.10. The score is 6—6. The excitement is really rather painful: the roaring of the multitude prodigious and prolonged—disgustingly so. 4.12, Ireland well away again, tails sticking right up. 4.14, the Irish forward, Browne, hurt. Or is it Collis? Doesn't matter, anyway (shame!). 4.14½, he recovers: good. 4.15, Corbett tries a drop at goal—o-o-h—u-r-g-h. 4.18, Ireland *nearly* in again, damitall. Bit thick, this. 4.19, they are more nearly in than ever. It's awful: shall take up lacrosse in future: can't bear it. 4.20, they seem to have taken a long lease of our 25, with full repairing covenants: pitiful! 4.21, a clearing kick by Holliday: game sways back. Phew! what a relief. 4.22, Irish fight on—full of fight yet, confound 'em. 4.24, Hamilton-Wickes nearly in for us, but is thrown savagely into touch by Stevenson (shame). 4.25, Smallwood, u n m a r k e d, hesitates before dropping at goal, and is lost; oh dear! oh dear! (Those were not the words.) 4.27, we are actually ON their goal-line, but not over, for Crawford the cunning clears again. 4.29¼, an Irishman laid out, not before it was time, either! . . .

It *is* time. A draw! The Tradition wobbles back into place, after having shared with us the shock of its sweet life.

A Picturesque Race Meeting at Biskra

TWO COMPETITORS IN THE MILITARY RACE

(Top) A LITTLE NATIVE PLAYFULNESS

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE SAND

Central Press

"PADDOCK" PERSONALITIES AT BISKRA

Biskra, with its wonderful climate, is fast becoming a favourite resort between the months of November and April, and attracts a number of English visitors. Our pictures show scenes at the recent picturesque gymkhana where the bright Algerian sunshine, the Sahara sand and the native horsemanship combined to make a memorable sight for the visitor. "Just like the Olympia Tournament," one Bright Young Thing was heard to remark!

LITTLE NATURE STUDIES

No. V.—THE PURPLE EMPEROR

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS*

"Purple Emperors alone possess the magic touch"

TRADITION has taught us that "butterflies" are of the female sex. A fig, with leaves on, for tradition. Men, too, are sometimes butterflies, and when they are, another ancient adage goes to the wall, for in butterfly-land the male is equally as deadly as the female.

Take, for example, Rudolf—or in full, Sir Rudolf Kyller, Bart., late of His Majesty's 2nd Regiment of Light Horse. Now Rudolf feared neither the onslaught of the enemy in battle nor the ire of women in time of peace. He had faced both, and come through unscathed. His conversation was a pure delight.

We were, I remember on one occasion, coming up after hunting by a train that would get us to London at 8.15. Rudolf had invited a lady to dine and dance with him at 8 p.m.; he had still to change, and could not possibly be at the appointed place before 8.45. He had meant to catch an earlier train and, but for sport being good, would have done so. As he put it: "One can generally get someone to dance with one, but hounds can't always find a fox." Then laughed, and Rudolf has a rich and humorous chuckle.

He was sitting back in the corner of the compartment, his feet upon his suit-case, his fur collar turned up about his ears, well content with the day's sport, and pleasantly anticipating dinner in the restaurant of his choice—good wine, good food, good company.

To me there came another picture—a picture of a Circe with nothing but a powder puff and looking-glass to play with, and no one upon whom to exercise her charm; a Circe dressed, but dinnerless.

I felt that Rudolf's complacency needed shaking.

"What sort of a girl do you think is going to wait for you all this time?" I asked him.

"A very nice one," said Rudolf, sinking his chin into his fur collar.

"Well, anyway, I bet someone is giving her oysters now," I said.

"Alla-better; won't want so much dinner," after which remark Rudolf dropped asleep, never doubting for one moment that even if his lady was being given oysters with pearls in them, she would fly to his side immediately he arrived.

The worst of it was, Rudolf was right. For that is the way with Purple Emperors; they hypnotise women with the splendour of their self-assurance. Lesser butterflies may fly all day long from flower to flower, assiduous, courteous, eager to please. They will be received only to be discarded at the coming of the Purple Emperor who alone possesses the magic touch to cause the petals of welcome to unfold.

Time passed. It was, in fact, a full year before I saw Rudolf once again. We met in Bond Street, and something in his gait immediately caught my eye. I would not say that his bearing had lost its jauntiness, yet there was something new about him. "Diffidence" is perhaps the word I seek.

Would I come to lunch? he asked.

But certainly.

We went to a Club famous for its cook. On a table all manner of delicacies were spread, caviare, young partridges, quails in aspic jelly. Rudolf pressed my choice upon me. For himself he ordered a slice of ham. And this he did not eat, but played with, turning it about upon his plate.

Something evidently lay heavy on his mind. Presently he spoke.

Did I know a Miss Harcourt, he asked—a Miss Chrissie Harcourt?

A silly question; for who did not. To the young men of the day Chrissie Harcourt was all that was adorable.

"She said she would lunch with me to-day," said Rudolf, gloomily.

It was, I should say, 1.45 when I met Rudolf. Apparently he had been waiting in the Ritz since 1 p.m.

A page boy presented a note. Rudolf tore it open. His face lit. "All right," he said to the page boy, and to me "Ah!" then called back the page boy, and ordered him to reserve a table at Claridge's for tea.

Just before 8, I met Rudolf in the Club again. He was watching the clock and fidgeting with his tie.

"Dining here?" I asked.

Rudolf did not know. He was awaiting a telephone message; he said he hoped he was dining out. In any case he must eat somewhere. One got hungry if one had had nothing to eat all day. No, she had not turned up for tea either.

By nine the telephone box was filled to the brim with coppers, and Rudolf was still in the Club. By ten, owing to innumerable cocktails and cigarettes on an empty stomach, his brain was clouded. By eleven he had taken a fresh lease of hope. A message had come through at last to say that Miss Harcourt was attending Lady X's ball.

At twelve, I saw him standing weak but determined against the wall, while Chrissie, looking incomparably charming, danced with someone else. She had, he said, promised him the "fifth from now."

At two, I wandered tactlessly into the Library, but for all the notice Rudolf took I might have been a beetle. Chrissie also seemed preoccupied.

I got my hat and left. As I walked down Piccadilly a feeling of solemnity possessed me—just such a feeling as we all experience when grave news of national importance has been announced—the defeat of the favourite at Epsom, the fall of the Government, an increase in the Income Tax. For I knew—and I had not to wait until I read the announcement in the morrow's papers—that the Purple Emperor had at last flown into a net.

NEXT WEEK—

No. VI. THE PUFF ADDER

BY WILL OWEN

THE OPTIMIST

THE JUDGM

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

T OF PARIS

The Eyes of the "Fleet"

BY LENDON

THE GIRL *(to shy partner)* : "As a sailor, you must be accustomed to sea legs"
THE MIDDY : "Er, I - I never l - look at them"

Parisiana

By "RENÉ"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"You could choose your *concierge*".

MES AMIS—

IL y avait une fois, as they say in the story books, you could choose your *concierge*, just as you could choose your butcher, your baker or your candlestick-maker. But now, not only are you fated to endure whatever *concierge* may be your lot and your portion, but you must esteem yourself a darling of the gods if you can acquire a *concierge*.

WELL, some of our *concierges* have become very strait-laced persons. They are scathingly severe upon the shortcomings of the poor *locataires*. If they stray but the length of an acute accent from the narrow path of convention, then they are denounced to the cronies of the *concierge* as people with a mauve past, a purple present and a ruddy future.

IT was like this with the Marquis and the Marquise de——well, it would be better to suppress their names to avoid embarrassments—who were *très mal vus* by their *concierge*, a man of dignity and poise, to say nothing of regular habits and familiarity with good form. In the cafés of his quarter he told in whispers and with timely nods and winks, how they frequently went out at night, dressed in clothes which he himself would not have worn even for working in the cellar, and did not return until the later hours of the morning. This *vie déréglée* could portend nothing that was good, he hinted, not daring to give more definite form to his suspicions.

YET it happens that the Marquis and the Marquise are above reproach. So devotedly attached are they to one another that they delight to play at romantics. They like to pretend they are poor young lovers, and, abandoning their luxurious apartment, they ramble off to the *faubourgs* and spend the night at some hotel which fits in with their assumed station. It would be too difficult to get this sentiment understanded of the *concierge*, so they have to take his disdainful looks as part of the price.

IN these days of *le monde renversé* the principal potentate of our *cher* Paris is not, as strong silent Bystanders might imagine, the Prefect of Police or even the President of the Republic, nor, as lady readers might more appropriately assume, M. Jean Patou, the ruling prince of fashion in succession to Paul Poiret. It is one far more august—the *coiffeur pour dames*. The lady's lock-lopper reigns without challenge over a few hundred heads which, besides being the most charming ornaments of the capital, determine its manners and dictate its customs.

"But . . . now!!!"

HE is, at the moment, the supreme pinnacle of snobbery. If our *amies* have not had their hair bobbed or shingled by one of three "great artists" they might as well hug the fireside o' nights, for they belong to the great untressed. Naturally, it is not the easiest thing in the world to obtain an appointment with one of the triumvirate, and syrens of the smart set are known to arrange their week's engagements to fit in with the hours that the *cher maître* has condescendingly allotted.

COMPENSATION comes when a best friend remarks, "Ah, I recognise the cut of the scissors of Lucien. He is the only one, *ma chère*." That

places her in the divine inner circle. The newest autocrat is a coiffeur who has no shop and who will only call upon a client if she has a personal introduction from a high quarter. She must be recommended by the cruel caricaturist, Sem or M. de Fouqieres, the arbiter of elegance. This *démarche* effected, she has attained the summit. There is no cause for further social climbing.

As for the *honoraires* of these potentates, Mlle. Fanny Heldy of the Opera who is singing in Milan, counts out three thousand francs every time her *coiffeur* takes his shears across the Alps. Trimming seems to cut both ways, being equally applicable in its slang sense.

One expects to be among a variegated company at a fashion display of Jean Patou, the one *couturier* with an overflow of ideas, for his ideas are not restricted to frocks. Thus, one met Mlle. Parisys, that blondest of blondes, who recently tried her luck in London, without surprise. But it was rather perplexing to come across a Socialist Deputy from the Chamber. A Royalist or Nationalist Deputy might have harmonised with the gilt and glitter of those stately *salons*, for he might have been legitimately engaged in obtaining fashion hints for the wives of his most influential constituents.

"Look as if they had dressed in a hurry"

The wives of men who vote for Socialist Deputies could scarcely be wanting advice about what to purchase from Patou, one of whose frocks would probably cost as much as a Deputy's yearly salary. *Alors, pourquoi? Cela m'intrigue.*

The handsome M. Patou, by the way, has put his foot down—simultaneously with sending the waistline up several inches. Like the Grimm's tailor—or perhaps it was Hans Andersen's tailor—who killed seven at a blow, he has slain several *modes*, which had lingered too long, with a single hearty stab. *Bon soir*, night-nighty-gowns, he thankfully murmurs to himself, while declaring publicly, "No longer shall it suffice to place on a woman a sheath, with a girdle around the waist." There should be much joy over this, for while some sylphs could look well in a *robe chemise*, more of them looked as if they had dressed in a hurry on hearing a burglar and forgotten the essentials—especially the commodious ones.

With the revival of the artistic cut comes the revival of colour. The doleful domination of black passes, and a ravishing harmony of gorgeous shades arrives to dispel the unduly prolonged gloom of the *bête noir*. No strong, stern male with a liking for nice frocks could affront "*Les couleurs en folie*" (catalogue name for one evening gown) without a catch in the breath and a realisation of the gay nights to which it would lend unfailing inspiration. And as for women beholders, their romantic reflections would be immediately translated into terms of cheque-books.

There were rumours of little differences in the Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée partnership at the Palace. We wandered round, rather sorrowfully, but with the hope that rumour might be lying, and fell upon what must be one of the worst music-hall entertainments that has ever been inflicted upon Paris. Chevalier, it was disclosed on small bills inside the doors, was *grippé*, and Harry Pilcer would fill the gap. Poor Pilcer. He is good enough in his own line—one of the very best in that line—but it does not happen to be the same line, and as he knew nothing of Chevalier's rôle, he had to push chunks of his own stuff in the most unsuitable places. The misfit was agonisingly painful. And yet one doubts if the over-economical M. Dufrenne, who runs the Palace and several other theatres, will go to the expense of an understudy. Excessive consideration for the public is not in the Dufrenne tradition. RENÉ

"He is the only one, *ma chère*"

A Rai of Sunshine

Gordon Lewis

MISS JEAN RAI

Who will appear in the fifth edition of Percy Athos' "Frivolities" at the New Princes Restaurant. The new edition of this cabaret—or should it be caba-rai?—opens on March 2

"February Fill-Dike," and Some of its

ON A GREY DAY *Topical*

Miss Higgins (left) and Mrs. Estyn-Jones at the Ludlow steeplechases. Thanks to the bad weather conditions, the going was very heavy

MAKING THE BEST OF IT *Topical*

Colonel Sagga and Mrs. Holton making the best of the worst in the rain at Ludlow. Sport was greatly hampered by the soft ground and many falls were experienced

Topical

A REST BY THE RAIL-SIDE

Mrs. Winnington (left) and Mrs. Allan Perrins braving the rain during the recent steeplechases, when Ludlow was rapidly turned into "Mudlow"

Topical

A MATTER OF JUST-A-MOMENT

Three followers of the Monmouthshire Hounds acquiring that "quite still, please" habit at a meet held in the Market Place at Grosmont. The photograph shows: Mr. Cleeve (left), Miss Mary Graham and Mr. D. Cleeve

Victims Caught by the Camera

Photo Illus.

A RAINY OCCASION

Lady Violet Astor with her daughter, Miss Margaret Nairne, at a meet of the West Kent Foxhounds at her seat, Hever Castle

Poole, Waterford

BEFORE THE RUN

Mrs. T. McDougall and Mr. Gilbey photographed at a meet of the Whaddon Chase held at Hogreston Guide Post. The meet took place under rainy conditions of the worst type

Topical

A HUNTING PRELIMINARY

Lady Mary Herbert, all ready for action at a meet of the Monmouthshire. The photograph was taken in the Market Place at Grosmont

Collier and Guy

A PICTORIAL CUT FROM THE MEET

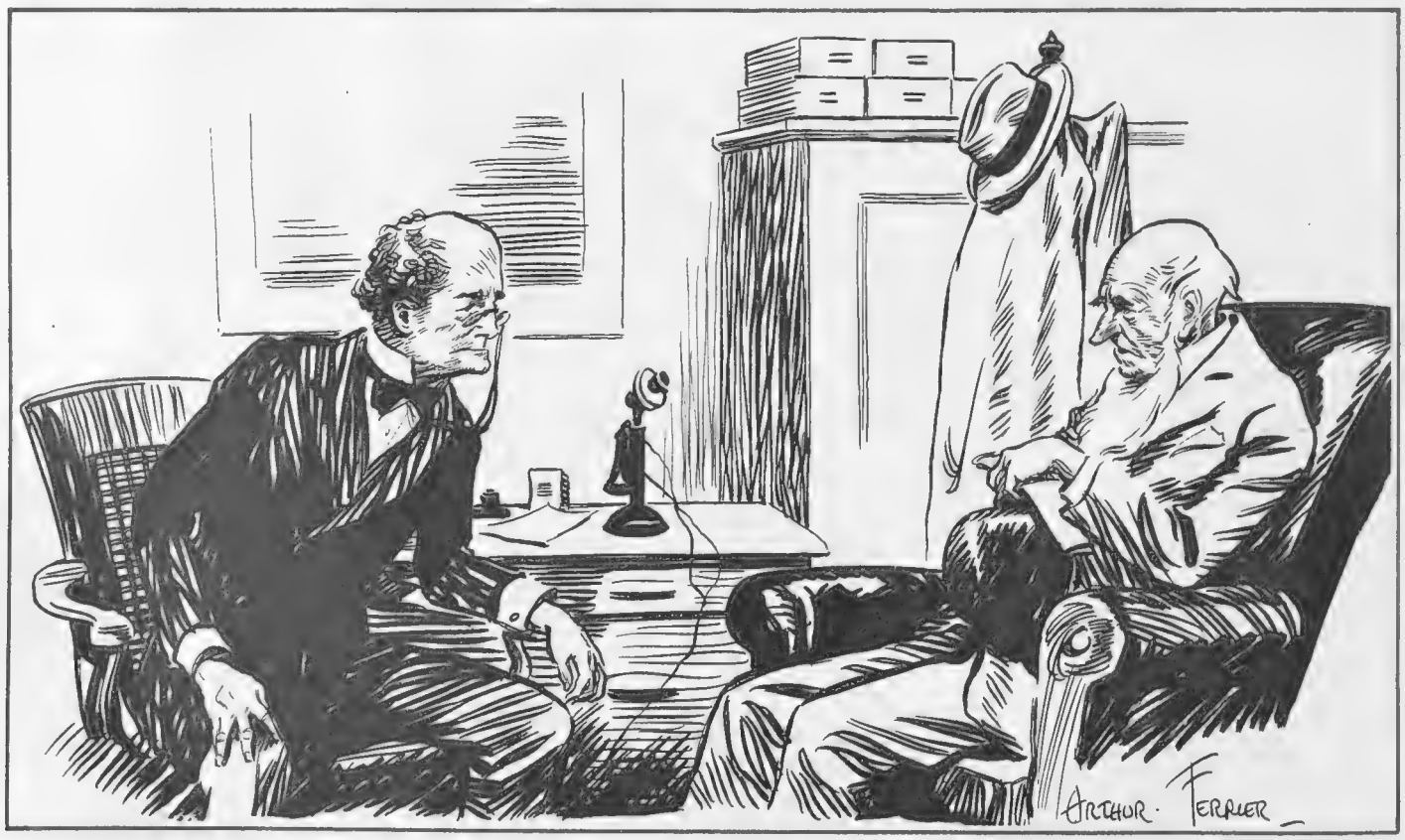
Mr. G. E. Liddiard with Miss Peggy Henderson, daughter of Lady Violet Henderson of Buscot Park, waiting for the field to move off. The photograph was taken at a meet of the Old Berks at Wadley House, Faringdon

THE AIR APPARENT

By Alfred Tayler

Fond Aunt: "Has the darling slept peacefully?"

Modern Young Nephew: "Oh, the kid's slept all right auntie, but not peacefully. You know, he's suffering terribly from atmospherics!"



THOSE HIGHLAND GAMES

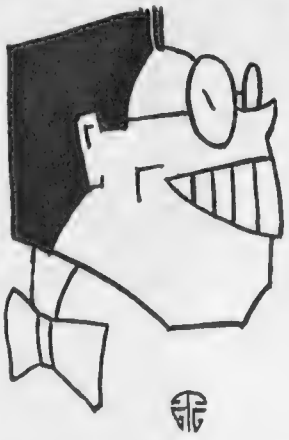
By Arthur Ferrier

Solicitor: "Yes, Mr. McTavish, we're sure to win, so I shall readily undertake your case"

McTavish: "Ye honestly think it's a guid case?"

Solicitor: "Most decidedly. I am prepared to guarantee a favourable verdict"

McTavish: "Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinna think I'll go tae law this time. Ye see, the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's!"



YOGO HAMA ON PANCAKES AND THEIR PATRON SAINT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

YOU are no doubtfully cognizant that this are a very ecclesiastical week because of Hon. St. Shrove who was birthed on a Tuesday which thusly causes us to call it Shrove's Tuesday. Saidly Hon. St. Shrove was a very highly placed theological person and a patron saint of pancakes day because he invented them. This so celebrate patriarch, I are inform by authentic authorities, achieved to become famous because of patenting this table food which persons can eat plenty of and experience comfortable anatomical distensions, yet not grow to be fat or tons in weight.

Thusly, after numerous years of researchings and suchly experimentings, Hon. St. Shrove invented the pancake, a distensive combustible which fills us with repletion and hydrogen. Glump and piousless persons who suffer non-digestive facilities because of liver distempers, assert to inform us that saidly Hon. St. Shrove really succeeded only to invent dyspepsia and other post-feeding agonies, but I do not think this are entirely so. Myself personally I do not eat more than 1 or 2 dzs of these elastic viands and therefore only experience doubtful abdominal sensations which cause me to feel temporarally non-combatant. But if you should seek to imbibe hogfully innumerous dzs of these ecclesiastical patents, it follows to reason that you must suffer to endure prolonged qualms, spasms, constrictions and suchly super-repletion symptoms which will necessitate lbs. of seidlitz and other powders.

The pancake, howeverly, possesses other aspects. It are, for instants, a very scholastic edible and considerably esteemed by academic infantines who seek studious pursuits in Eaton, Harrow, Oxford, Balloil and other learned seats. 1-ce per year, on St. Shrove's day, these so pious infantines are permit to emerge for a ½-holiday from their education cells and play at tossing the pancake, which they then tear into a 1,000 pieces and seek to devour. I cannot visually impicture a more delicious spectacular than to witness this innocent sporting. For the benefits of ignoramus and other educationless persons, I shall depict briefishly this so historical ceremony. At the Westminsters Academy, *par exemplum* (Latin), prizes and other infantine emoluments like as lolling-pops, buns and so forths, are gifted to the precocious infantines who most skilfullishly succeed to toss the pancake to the highest elevations. Sometimes the tosser achieves a foul or other miss-fire which causes the pancake to descend with devastating velocities on top of the head of a reverent professor. This makes to ensue very glump perks for the non-luck tosser, who suffers severeish swipes with a pickled rod, and is returned to his education cell with only bread and water to feed on. But to observe this theological sporting at its primest, we must not miss to witness Oxford v. against Cambridge in the 1-st pancake league, when specially prepared XI's strenuously imbattle to acquire a championships belt for who shall eat the most pancakes without suffering to explode or take a count. I are inform by a very official Oxford and Cambridge gent, that Oxford holds the 1924 pancake belt by a score of 125—122½, but thisly year the odds to 1 are on Cambridge for a win or place.

"Sometimes the tosser achieves a foul"

"Hon. St. Shrove invented the pancake"

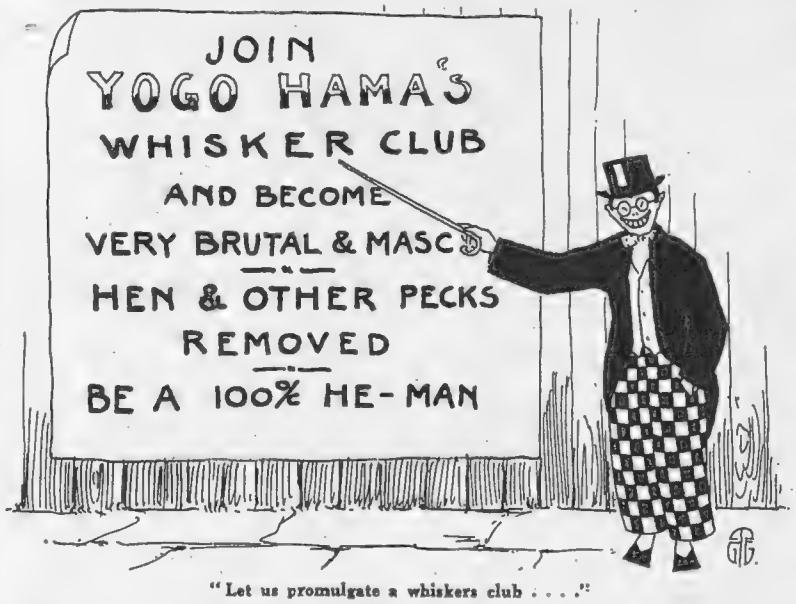
Pancaking, like boxing, footbladder and other savage sportings, are not indulge by femns because of their so delicate physics. Thusly we do not find Girton v. against Newnham for a pancake belt, but only for a hocking, tennis, talking or other effeminate trophy, which proves to show they are not masc equals, but very to the contrary.

"Kindly to inform, Mr. Y. Hama, why these so delicious and learned fairs who have achieved to become B. M. and suchly academic A's, cannot achieve this sporting," you seek to require, Hon. Sir?

This are very delicate conundrum, I response, and causes me to almost blush for modesty. Not any the lessly, I will strive to chastely produce you a solution. The femn figure can make itself to depict very numerous adaptations, so that 1 year it has very many bumps to the masc eye, and another year it has not any bumps at all. In thisly year of 1925, for instants, bumps are hideously non-fashionable and all upper and middle 10 femns must be very tubular and bumpless, otherwisely they will be derided to scorn and never succeed to become fashionables, but only laughing-posts. How then, indeedly, can fairs maintain to be tubular, yet also indulge to eat pancakes competitively when they are extremely prone to cause bulges and suchly anatomical extensions which are now so fashionless?

"That are so, Mr. Y. Hama, and permit I should offer you congratules because of so modestly informing re a very tickleish subject. But do you not notice to observe that femns are strenuously seeking to acquire masc perks, also that mascs are degenerating to become very effeminate and non-brutal?" you depose.

"Man as the top and supreme dog"

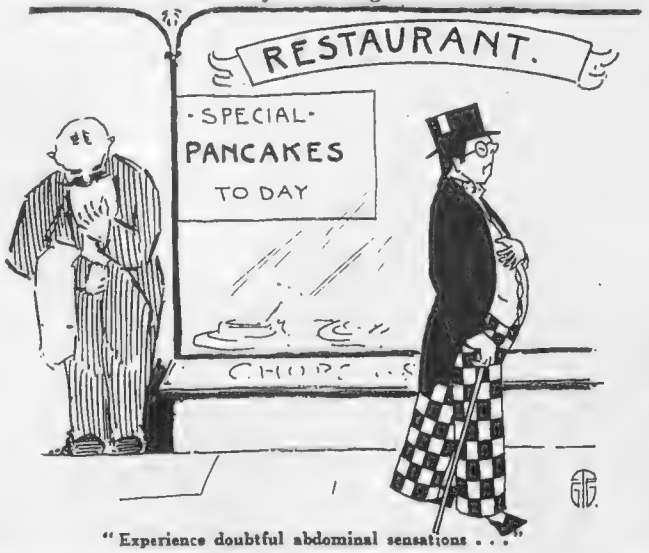


"Let us promulgate a whiskers club . . . ."

Most thoroughly, yes, Hon. Sir, and this makes me to be a very fast adherent of the now so celebrate whiskers theory which has been propogated by a very learned gent. This so brilliant hypothesis proves to show us that when man nourished his whiskers and other facial fungi, he was very supreme and worshipped, also they caused him to look very fierce and savage, so that femns trembled for fear and spent earnest lives in straining to make him happy with good feedings and other masc perks. But now we have denuded our whiskers, we are not any longer top-dogs. This are very saddish condition of affairs which we must extremely deplore because it makes us to become only 2-nd class matter. Should it not be a very genius idea to let us promulgate a whiskers club, so we may succeed to re-achieve our ascendants and other superiorities? This should make to quake in their 1,000's innumerous femns who seek to put on our non-mentionable garments and other liberties. Kindly therefore to imprint this specially prepared coupon as follows vizly: "I (name and lodgings abode, if any) seek to earnestly join the BYSTANDER Whiskers Club. (Prsdnt. Yogo Hama esq.) I vow 3 things in my name: (1) to assiduously grow whiskers in my spare time; (2) to slap my wife, if any, when non-obedient; (3) to enclose 10£ entrance feeings. Signed . . . . ." This shall prove a very epochal event and cause to ultimately become like a paradise 1,000's of now happyless homes. Then we shall witness to 1-ce more see man as the top and supreme dog.

Hoping, Hon. sir, to acquire very speedishly your esteemed subscriptions, I remain,

Yogo Hama



"Experience doubtful abdominal sensations . . ."

A COMPARISON WILL PROVE THAT THERE ISN'T ANY!

Many women buy glittering imitation pearls under the impression that they look like real pearls. But if you who read this, Madam, will take the trouble to compare a Técla Necklace with an Oriental Necklace, in any other high class jeweler's, you will see that they are absolutely alike in that their iridescence is absolutely different from the artificial brilliancy of imitation pearls.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street London

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

16 Avenue de Verdun Nice

NEW-YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Lincoln

SINCE the weights for the Lincoln appeared I have never wavered from the opinion that Parth could win this race if his trainer can get him to his liking by the opening week of the season. As I told you last week, I took a small financial interest in the horse as soon as the acceptances were published, and the price I accepted was considerably longer than that at which he was quoted when the "London Betting" appeared for the first time last week. Still, I am not sure yet whether I shall get a run for my money, though my expectation that I should see good hedging has been realised. The highest weight carried to victory in the Lincoln so far is 9 st. 4 lb. under which Clorane won when his trainer, the late "Jack" Robinson, was a power in the land.

Parth's Task

WELL, Parth is allotted 2 lb. more than Clorane's weight, and I am convinced that he is equal to the task of carrying it to victory. He can reasonably be described as a classic horse, for he ran third in the Derby after being left about a dozen lengths at the start. In the St. Leger he again ran well, though I think he was travelling beyond his best distance that day. Perhaps the finest performance of Parth's career was when he won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, beating Massine, Filibert de Savoie, and other French cracks. That was a striking proof of his versatility, for in other races he has shown great speed, and I do not think that the Lincoln mile would be too sharp for him. In the course of the ensuing week we ought to know definitely whether he is to be sent to the Carholme.

Grand Joy

ACCORDING to the club betting last week-end, the most fancied of Parth's rivals at present is Grand Joy, whose price came down with a rush on Thursday. He was a disappointment

By "THE TOUT"

MR. PULFORD

A fine amateur rider who generally confines his attentions to the South. He combines perseverance with pluck, and is duly respected in consequence by the great army of winter racegoers

throughout the greater part of last season, but he won the Irish Two Thousand, and on that form is well treated at 7 st. 1 lb. Barling is training him now, and evidently has hopes that the colt is back to his old form. I have much respect for Barling's judgment, and if he fancies Grand Joy on the day of the race, I shall not let the colt run loose whatever his price may be. Browside is presumably the best of Cottrill's batch in the Lincoln. You will remember I wrote a note about this colt a month ago, when he was at very long odds. Tapin has been under a cloud. Perhaps there is time for him to shake off his troubles, but his preparation has been delayed, and it would be prudent to keep off him for the time being. As I recorded a week or two back, it is thought in French racing circles that the best of their lot in the Lincoln will be Golden Hope II. I hope, however, that we shall keep the race at home this time.

The Jumpers

SILVO and Fly Mask share favouritism for the Grand National, and their chances are undeniable. They have big weights, but that is counterbalanced by the fact that their opponents will be of moderate calibre. Conjuror II came to grief at Birmingham last week, a surprise considering that he is one of the cleverest jumpers in training; but, having been baulked at his fence, he was really not to blame for the fall. We shall see a number of National horses in action at Newbury and Gatwick this week. **Blaris** may win the February Steeplechase and **Fly Mask** the Newbury Steeplechase on Wednesday, and I fancy **West Countryman** for the Spring Steeplechase on the second day. At Gatwick on Friday **Ruddyglow** may carry his penalty to the front in the National Trial Steeplechase, and **Ormada** is my selection for the International Hurdle Race on the following day.

HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

A Good Month

EXCEPTING for the unhappy recurrence of cattle disease in the Northampton district, February has left followers of hounds with very little to grumble about. Sport has been well up to the average, especially in the Shires, where the wet ground has been all the better for scent. The Prince of Wales has been dividing his time between the Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore, and has come in for good things with each pack. The Pytchley, too, have been going great guns, and everybody in this country is well pleased that Sir Charles Lowther and his brother are going on in the command, with Frank Freeman in the post he continues to fill with undiminished ardour and skill.

The Motoring Question

IT is noticeable that several Hunts are now feeling it necessary to appoint a member to act as a sort of Field Master of motor-cars. This is not a job which people hanker after, and those who have agreed to fill it are entitled to the gratitude of their fellow-members. The undesirable attendance of motors when hounds are on the move appears to be becoming an increasing nuisance, and it has long been obvious that Hunt Committees would have to take some steps in the matter. The trouble is that they have no actual jurisdiction over casual motorists who follow hounds. But these are not the only offenders. In some countries complaints have been made of cars belonging to members of the Hunt, which have hovered in attendance on the pack so that they should be at hand at the close of the day for the speedy conveyance home of their owners.

Heythrop M.F.H.'s

CONGRATULATIONS to the Heythrop people upon Colonel E. P. Brassey's acceptance of the Joint-Mastership of the pack. He is a keen all-round sportsman—good at polo, a straight rider to hounds, and interested in the National Hunt side of racing. Frank Brown trains Roi Rouge and one or two other horses for him. For nearly fifty years the Heythrop were hunted by Mr. Albert Brassey, and those were the halcyon days of the Hunt. Captain R. B. Brassey kept on the hounds for only three seasons after the death of his father, and is now hunting a pack in Ireland. Colonel E. P. Brassey will have the co-operation of Major Dennis Daly in the Mastership next season. An excellent arrangement, for nobody knows more about the country than Major Daly, who married a daughter of Mr. A. Brassey, was a fine polo-player in his day, and has served both as Field-Master and hunt secretary.

With the Grafton

A GLOOM was cast over the Grafton field last week by the death in the field of Colonel Clinch, who had become a well-known figure in the country and will be much missed. It has been rather a black season for fatal accidents. That with the Grafton follows all too swiftly upon the tragic death of Mr. Harford in the Badminton country and of Mr. A. H. Straker with the Cottesmore. It is stated, by the way, that the Grafton kennels are to be strengthened by the addition of twelve couples of bitches, comprising some of the cream of Lord Bathurst's V.W.H. pack. Lord Hillingdon has presented these hounds, and some of the doghounds are to be drafted at the end of the season in order to make room for them. The Grafton have been rather bothered by foot-and-mouth in one corner of their country. But for that they have had a first-rate season.

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OUR LENTEN FAST—AND—FASTER

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Not many of us going in for the starving touch . . . . ."

LONDON, *February* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

CAST aside the flesh-pots, and put the Bollinger and Heidsieck gently but firmly from you, pref'rably under lock and key, which last you then proceed to fling in the moat (or bury in the garden where the dog can't find it, if yours happen to be a mere desirable residence 'stead of a battlemented castle as occupied by all the best profiteers). Cancel all orders from Whiteridge's or Selfley's for quail, stuffed olives, salted almonds, cream cakes, bath salts, and all the things that make life worth living. . . .

FOR this is Lent, when we give up all sorts of luxuries and lusts of the flesh and prides of the eye, and all that sort of thing (I don't think). Days of mortification and penance, and low living and high thinking, and such like. Once more and yet again, *je ne pense pas*. These being sadly degenerate days, alas, my dear brethren and sistren, when I fear 'bout the only things we do renounce in this so-called fasting period are sugar in our tea (if we don't care for it very much), and, of course, weddings. Which last named are cert'nly sure an honest-to-goodness sacrifice, 'specially these days of man-shortage when you never know your luck or what'll happen next, what?

ASH WEDNESDAY this next Wed. as ever is, by the way—tho' why so called I don't know, seeing there's no ashes coming to *us* from down under. Which reminds me, by the way. Despite the arrival of summer (I've just been reading in a 'Stralian paper) dances are still being planned. . . . And, says the same tantalising, not to say annoying, Melbourne journal, here's a frock (picture appended) that "offers some suggestions for a new dancing gown for the hot weather months." Aforesaid garment being quite (by European standards) *démodé* affair, almost ankle-length, but *ça n'importe pas*. Hot weather months—that's where the sting comes in, does not it?

ANYWAY, thank Heaven, no one seems ever yet to've had the bright idea, so far as I know, of trying to ban for this Lenten time either frocks *or* hats as one of the vanities of this wicked world that we ought to sternly relinquish till the Days of Lamentation are over. 'N fact, strange to say 'pears to be, 'pears to me, just 'bout the very height or zenith of the mode and mannequin season, just this very moment as ever is.

MORE faster than fast about it in the way of all the shows going on just now—complete with sandwiches and cocktails, which would appear to be the very latest fash'nable accompaniment to these affairs. One at Mme. Richelle's, this next Wedn'sday morning, f'rinstance. And on Thursday a Poulain display of frocks and hats opposite Claridge's. And same evening a midnight mannequin parade (doesn't it sound intriguing?) of Duret models at the Centaur Club in St. James's Square.

JUST the sort of time really, this, what with the days getting longer and even the sun shining out now and then, when you feel you simply can't go on 'xistng any more with that last year's hat, and that everyone must be staring at you in the street 'cos of the wellnigh incredible shabbiness and out-of-the-modishness of your frocks. And there's just one and only remedy for that feeling, which I hardly need specify, what? Not to mention 'plete new outfits of shoes and stockings, which are almost more 'portant than anything now our frocks only come to our knees.

"Dress Shows"

DON'T notice any very 'markable decline of parties either, I don't seem to, spite of this fasting season. As that great and profound poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox remarks—

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by

And not many of us going in for the solitary starving touch 'parently, so the cheerful Lenten sun (when available) still looks down on a world "breezy with Bollinger and flushed with truffles," as Mr. Gilbert

Frankau puts it in one of his nice rollicking books.

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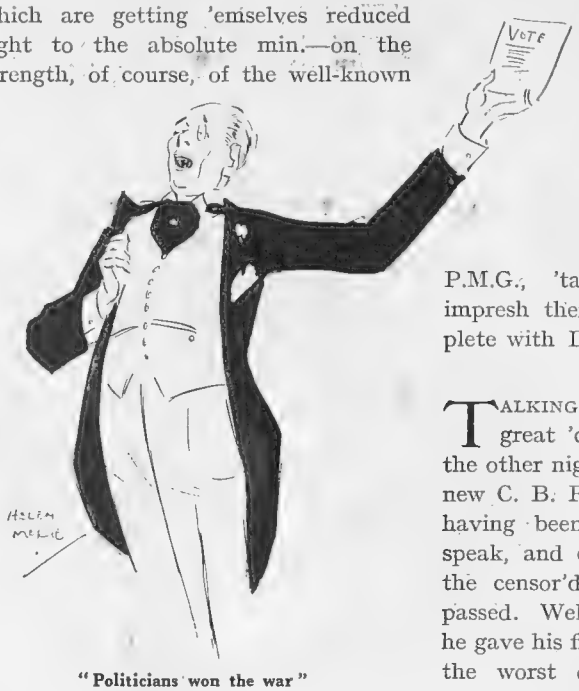
ONLY really notable bit of self-denial and cutting down and all that sort of thing being done, seemingly, by our poor old Army and Navy, which are getting 'emselves reduced right to the absolute min.—on the strength, of course, of the well-known



"Politicians won the war"

fact that there'll never be another war on. So every one says, anyway, 'specially the Germ-Huns, who may be c'lecting any amount of troops and bombs and submarine parts and things, but it's only for police purps. or scientific experiments or words to that effect.

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NICE to know, of course, that it's all going to mean sixpence off the income tax or even p'raps a bob, if we can only get our fighting forces down low enough. And after all, didn't Mr. Gladstone—I mean Mr. Lloyd George—tell us only the other day how the war was won? . . . no, nothing to do with armies and navies and things, but "by the nation with the best politicians." Meaning thereby, of course, L.G.

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ISN'T it just *kolossal*? And isn't it just wonderful how quickly we manage to wipe the slate and forget? As a soldier-man was saying to me when the glad news of Winston's "victory" came round: "Really, I think the only thing to teach us would have been for the Germans to occupy England for, say, six months."

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STILL, mustn't flit away with the idea that the Gov'ment haven't learnt *anything* from the late conflict. Have acquired, in fact, some think, quite a perfectly good copy of the Hunnish touch in this new wireless idea. Whereby, if you're even dimly suspected of having a set *sans* licence, you're to have your house raided any moment, and if found guilty there's a whole year's prison for you, or, p'raps, if they're very kind and you smile at 'em nicely, just a £100 fine. Almost think, wouldn't you, that the P.M.G., 'tany-rate, was under the impresh there's still a war on, complete with Dora, censors an' all?

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TALKING of censors, by the way, great 'citement at the Everyman the other night 'cos of the words in the new C. B. Femald play, *Yvelle*. Four having been under judgment, so to speak, and everyone wondering which the censor'd banned and which he'd passed. Well, anyway (as Censors do), he gave his final 'ficial sanction to quite the worst one—a truly Elizabethan effort that sounds perfectly horrid, though, 'f course, the Phœnix and such-like simply take it in their stride. But even that availeth not to save the play.

卐

YOU know, when a woman, even a handsome one like Stella Arbenina, has to exclaim at the end of each act in passionate accents, "Oh, my baby! My baby!" you, somehow, feel there's something wrong. People don't go about invoking their babies like that, methinks—it simply isn't done. 'Nless, of course,

"'Specially the Germ-Huns"

you happen to be a professional singer of coon songs (as so nicely damned in the new "Down With Dixie" song in *The Punch-Bowl* at the Duke of York's) or, p'raps, on the films.

卐

WHICH reminds me, quite one of the world's thrills visiting the new Capitol extra-super picture place in the Haymarket, if it's only 'cos of the c'lossal dress-circle that runs almost perpendicular up to the roof, and you feel as if you might dash right down to the bottom any moment if you slipped. But lovely soft alabaster screen that makes the pictures into charming studies of light and shade, and such nice ex-officers to tell you which way to go to your seat, and beauty chorus of programme girls to show you the way right there. A French film they started with, but hope to see something English there soon — like, f'rinstance, that d'lightful Ian Hay one, *The Happy Ending*, with Mr. Jack Buchanan in it and Fay Compton, and Mr. Jack Hobbs, and other nice people.

卐

SAW Mr. Hobbs again, by the way, the other night at a most joyful Green Room Rag at the Prince of Wales's, when he was such a charming cat burglar, who never burgled *sans* dinner-jacket and the rest of it. And there was a lovely golf burlesque of *Hamlet*, with Mr. Leslie Henson as 3rd Witch and all sorts of other nice things—'cluding a terribly effective, tho' not quite so nice, Grand Guignol playlet 'bout a lunatic asylum, which ended so 'larmingly that poor Heather Thatcher screamed out loud from the stalls, and am told there were people fainting in coils all about the place, tho' couldn't see 'em in the dark.

卐

AND so on for solace and comfort to the Piccadilly, where they've got such a bright and merry new cabaret, with, 'mong the new turns, a new 'Merican singer called Aileen Stanley, who sings in her own language with lots of verve and vim, and fair makes you all join in the nice easy chorus—

La, La, La-la-la-la, La-la!

And they're opening Covent Garden as a dance hall this week, just to celebrate Lent, too, I s'pose—what you might call the faster and faster season—what?

With love, yours ever,

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P. 199

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FEMINA

WALLPAPER PANELS.

By MRS. M. VINCE

MISS ANGELA BEIT

The daughter of Sir Otto and Lady Beit, who is the chairman of a committee who are organising a Ball in aid of the Young Conservatives' Union. It will be held at Claridge's on March 19th

ONE of the hardest things to get people to realise is that if they choose to have a bold pattern and bright colours on a wallpaper they must not have pictures as well. Perhaps it is fairer to say that they realise it, but will not do it. It is a form of abstinence in decorating which they find very hard to practice. Everybody has some pictures. What is to be done if they are not sufficient in number and in quality for the walls to be treated simply as a background for them? The usual compromise is to choose a paper which makes pictures unnecessary, and then to hang on it such pictures as there are—and that is to make the worst of both.

BUT there is another reason. Some people are afraid, particularly in large rooms, that even with the furniture and mirrors, the walls will look bare without pictures, or the unbroken design of the wallpaper will be monotonous. For those who have these fears, the thing to do is to treat the wallpaper as a picture, to hang it in panels instead of covering the entire surface of the wall with it. One cannot, of course, take any wallpaper and make panels of it, but there are beautiful papers made in panels of which each panel is a complete design.

OUR first wallpapers were not only hung as pictures, but actually were pictures—the wallpapers which in the eighteenth century were introduced into this country from abroad. Some were copies of French papers. Others were brought home by sailors and travellers from China. Some of these original picture wallpapers can still be seen in English houses. There is, for example, a house in the West Country in which one room is entirely covered with a Chinese paper. Below the dado-rail is a series of little pictures, not more than eighteen inches square, all different scenes of Chinese gardens and Chinese interiors, with figures in them. Above, the paper is painted with large vases and brilliant birds and butterflies. There is no pattern, no repetition. Every painting is different. In London, original old Chinese papers can be seen in, of all places, a bank. One of the rooms at Messrs. Coutts' Bank is decorated with them. They were brought to England just a hundred and thirty-three years ago.

OUR first wallpapers were copies and imitations of such wallpapers as these, landscapes, statues and buildings. They were made in quite small sheets. They were expensive. They were not easy to hang. Then a machine was invented for printing wallpapers in long strips. This made them cheaper and easier to hang, and that machine was the real beginning of the modern wallpaper, which is not a series of separate pictures, but a continuous pattern, repeating itself as it grows over the wall.

NOW modern wallpapers which are copies of Chinese landscapes are again to be seen in London. I was looking at some the other day in a wallpaper shop, pictures with trees and clouds, gorgeous birds, pagodas and great flowering shrubs. There must have been a hundred and more different shades of colour in one picture, and each picture was surrounded with a little conventional design as a frame. They were large, reaching from the skirting-board to the frieze. Such big, bold landscapes could only be used in very large rooms. Probably they would look best in such places as the halls of clubs. Some of them were modern. Some of them were described as copies of the old Chinese papers, but there was one great difference. In that Chinese room in the house in the West Country there are perhaps forty or fifty pictures—not counting the birds and butterflies above them—and they are all different. With these modern copies one is intended to repeat the same picture three or four times in the room. A conventional design can be repeated, but you do not want a landscape more than once. I can imagine people going round a room decorated with these Chinese pictures, expecting to find them different, and rather puzzled and annoyed to find them the same.

IF one wants to decorate the walls of a room with panels of wallpaper, there is no need to go to imitations of the Chinese. One can get beautiful panels of English wallpaper in designs of flowers and leaves. They are not pictures but flat conventional designs, and because they are conventional designs one can repeat them. Those that I know are designed of laburnum, laurel and laurustinus. In each case the design grows from a single stem, and each panel is complete in itself.

SUCH panels of wallpaper should not be framed, as were these modern Chinese pictures, with a border of paper. The best way to arrange them is to place them above a panelled dado, to surround each of the panels of paper with a moulding of wood, and to paint the wall between the panels. There is, I think, no more attractive way of decorating a large drawing-room, where there are no pictures to hang, than with such panels of wallpaper.

"WHAT'LL I DO?" G. P. U.

Mrs. Philip Maufe (left) the winner of our hundred-guinea prize in the lucky number draw at "The Bystander" Birthday Ball on New Year's Eve, somewhat dazzled by the beauty of Monsieur Péron's creations. The photograph was taken at Monsieur Péron's *salon* in Regent Street, during the actual choosing of the gowns

BY JEAN HARDY

L'OISEAU BLESSÉ

AFTER THE BALL

A GIFT TO E.V.L.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

AFTER tribute to the wonders of Cruft's great Show, with mention of next month's fixtures at Liverpool, Bristol, and Harrow, a correspondent writes :—

He is a foolish fancier who concentrates his energies on what he calls "conditioning" his Dogs *before* a Show, and lies back and lets them take their chance *after* it. The knowledgeable fellow is the one who adopts your principle, worthy Kennelman, of giving a miss to special "conditioning" and keeping his Dogs in the pink the year round—the only rational plan. One other word. It's in the days immediately *after* a big Show that the special care is needed, and should be given. Many a sad loss (aftermath of infection, etc.), can be avoided if this is remembered.

"Kennelman" endorses that, from personal experience, as sound counsel.

The Peoples' Dispensaries for Sick Animals (14, Clifford Street, W.1) badly need half a dozen small animal ambulances, to extend the fine work they're now doing with all kinds of home-made makeshifts. Dog-lovers, please help.

Hardly a week passes without Dogs saving human lives, from fires and such disasters, in England alone. Mr. Hutchings, his wife, and two children would almost surely have died in their beds in the old thatched manor farm of Drimpton, Crewkerne, the other day, but for the determined efforts of their guardian Sheepdog. From oversea come more spectacular records. An official Roll of Honour ought to be kept for permanent reference. *Noblesse oblige.*

Great is the vogue of the Alsatian, and long may it continue! But the suggestion put forward by some enthusiasts that our Setters and other Gun-dogs may all be superseded by trained Alsatians is gratuitous, ungracious and stupid. The English Retrievers, Setters, and Spaniels are the finest Gun-dogs in the world, with generations of highly specialised training in their very blood; in addition to which their general intelligence is amazing; their general characters most lovable. Many of the Alsatian's most characteristic qualities (invaluable in their place) are against him, and always will be, as a Gun-dog. Content yourselves, oh Alsatianists! Live and let live.

Very many of his writings prove Mr. E. V. Lucas a true lover of Dogs. But apparently this famous essayist doesn't visit Dog Shows or breeding centres. A pity, for he would be welcome there, and would find much diverting material made to his cunning hand, ready for passing on to eager readers. "And so from dog to dog we passed, lamenting our losses, and wondering why fashions should change . . . where does one see a Bedlington to-day . . . when did the knell of the Pug toll forth . . . When will St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, and Mastiffs return?" He also dreams that Dachshunds, Dalmatians, and King Charles Spaniels have disappeared! Breeders all, please hasten to reassure this amiable but curiously deluded observer. Send him snapshots, corrective statistics, and invitations to your Kennel At Homes.

There is not one of the breeds mentioned which does not show a substantial percentage of increase during the past year; in several cases well over 20 per cent.

E. V. L. will rejoice in this information (which he can verify by dropping in at the K.C., 84, Piccadilly) and "Kennelman" now looks hopefully for a delightful essay from his pen on the theme of the Dogs who have most triumphantly "come back" since "The Rationing"—'15-'18—albeit, inexplicably enough, contriving to evade his usually so observant eye.

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The Motoring Correspondent of the "Times" on January 27th, 1925

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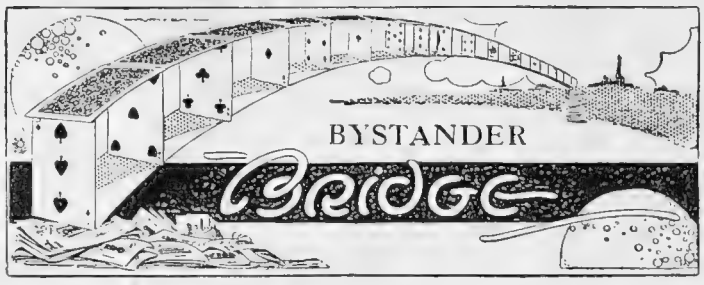


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

PLAYERS WHO WON'T ASSIST

I DO not know which is worse, the partner who puts you up on "rags" or the partner who refuses to assist your bid when he could do so justifiably. It is a funny business this matter of support. I have come to the conclusion that comparatively few players understand it at all. They assist when they shouldn't, and don't support when they should. And it is a curious psychological fact that the player most prone to over-bid his own hand is, as a rule, the most backward in supporting his partner. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the "pusher" is generally a selfish player. He likes to play the hands himself. He doesn't mind over-calling to achieve this end, but he doesn't like his partner to do so, and he won't back him up when he might.

. . . . . .

Here is a case in point. Score: Game all. B dealt, and called "two Spades"; Z "two No-Trumps"; A and Y "No bid"; B "three Spades." Z, A and Y "No Bid."

Here are the hands:

	Z S—A, K. H—K, 10, 3. D—A, J. C—J, 10, 9, 8, 5, 3.	
A S—8, 2. H—9, 7, 6, 2. D—Q, 9, 8, 5, 4. C—7, 4.		B S—Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 4. H—J, 8. D—K, 2. C—K, Q.
	Y S—5, 3. H—A, Q, 5, 4. D—10, 7, 6, 3. C—A, 6, 2.	

Now as to the bidding, I dislike the initial bid of two of a suit. In my opinion B should have called "three Spades" straightaway on this hand, which would probably have shut out all further calling. As it was, Z's "two No-Trumps" was a fair sporting risk, but when B called "three Spades" Z could not go on, nor could he double. But in my opinion Y committed a Bridge crime in leaving the three Spade bid in. His partner had shown a guard over the Spades and also other strength. With two Aces, and a Queen, and a four suit to the 10 he ought most certainly to have called "three No-Trumps." His failure to do so in this case cost him and his partner the rubber. B was two down on his contract, losing two Spades, two Hearts, one Diamond, and one Club which cost him 100 points less 18 for honours.

Z could have made five No-Trumps, losing only one Club and one Diamond, or a little slam if A discarded a Heart. Next hand A and B went game.

. . . . . .

Here are a few hints on the assisting bid:

As soon as your partner has made a bid, decide whether your cards justify an immediate raise, and if so, how many times you can justifiably raise. If you lack an immediate raise and partner continues to bid, decide after how many re-bids you can properly assist. It is obvious that if your partner goes to three of a suit on his own hand without your having spoken, you can assist with less strength than if he had stopped at two.

A sound opening bid in a major suit proclaims ability to win four tricks in all. You have no right to assume greater strength in it than this. To raise your partner's bid from one to two, therefore, you should have four probable tricks. But it is very necessary to realise what are probable tricks in *support*. A hand which may be of no use for bidding purposes itself may yet be an admirable hand for assisting your partner.

. . . . . .

If you have three of your partner's suit—no matter how small those three may be—you have what is termed the normal expectancy. Suppose he has called on five of the suit, or even on only four, it means that he and you hold the majority of trumps between you. With normal trump strength count assisting tricks as follows: two for a void side suit, one for a singleton, one for two doubletons, and one for each high trump honour held. But holding only two small trumps count only one trick for a void suit, but count nothing for either a singleton or two doubletons, because opponents will probably lead trumps and prevent a ruff. There is a world of difference between holding two or three of your partner's suit.

. . . . . .

Take this concrete case: Your partner bids "one Heart," and you hold: S—K, 7, 4, 2. H—A, 8, 3. D—5, 2. C—J, 8, 7, 4. You cannot support him in Hearts even though you have the Ace. You have only two assisting tricks, one Heart and one possible trick in Spades. You are two tricks short of raising value. Now suppose he bids "one Spade," and you have the same hand, you have at least three assisting tricks, probably four, and should put him up if he bids "two Spades" to three.

Now suppose he bids "one Club," you may at once raise him to two because you have three assisting side tricks, the Ace, the King, and the doubleton plus one trump trick, due to the possession of four small Clubs. But if he bids Diamonds, you cannot assist him, nor are you strong enough to branch into No-Trumps.

. . . . . .

The American writer, Mr. E. V. Shepard, puts it that you may "raise partner's suit bid (major suit bid) provided you have both normal trump expectancy and *two side quick tricks*, or if you have both normal trump expectancy and four assisting tricks of any sort including one *sure* trick."

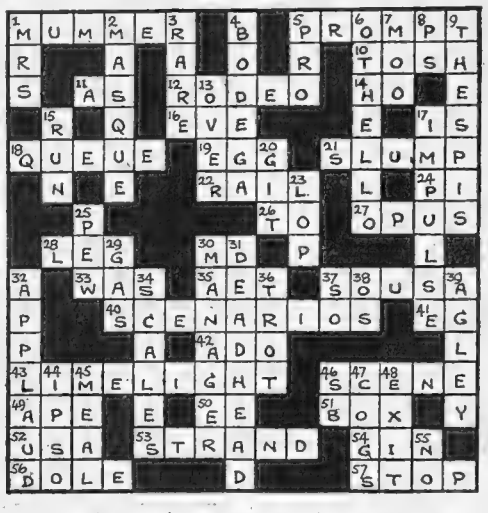
In general you may raise partner's No-Trumps over: (1) an adverse bid holding but a single stop to that suit; (2) upon original No-Trump strength; (3) upon a long and solid minor suit, in which you are probably unable to go game.

In the last case your partner's advertisement of strength in three suits justifies a belief that he also must hold at least one stop to the adverse suit, because he holds no strength in your own long minor suit.

. . . . . .

A single stop to an adverse suit and two quick tricks is insufficient strength to venture an immediate raise of partner's No-Trump, unless you hold either original No-Trump strength, or an established minor suit which cannot probably go game at trumps.

Two stops to the adverse suit, unless your strength is such that you would consider an assist upon a single stop, usually demand a double of that suit rather than assisting partner's bid. Let your partner decide whether to permit your double to stand, to go "No Trumps," or to bid one of his own long suits. Precise information is what partner most needs so that he may better plan his campaign.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 1

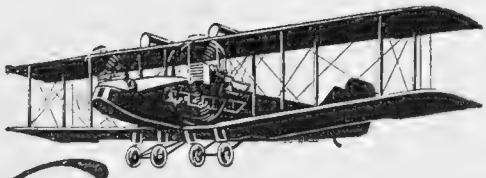
WE print above the correct solution of our first Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in the February 11 issue of THE BYSTANDER. Of all the solutions sent in, only two were correct. We have therefore awarded the three other prizes to competitors who sent a "possible" synonym for one of the words and were correct with the rest of the puzzle.

The names and addresses of the winners are:—

MRS. MARJORY CORBETT, 2, Lansdown Crescent, Edinburgh.
MR. T. SYKES, Croft House, Almondbury, Huddersfield.
MR. E. H. CUNNINGHAM, 5, Beresford Terrace, Ayr, Scotland.
MISS HORATIA WARD, Sewerby Vicarage, Bridlington, East Yorks.
MISS M. E. FRASER, 4, Snowdon Place, Stirling.

MISS GLADYS COOPER

Miss GLADYS COOPER, interviewed by 'Airways' the magazine of Air Travel, with regard to her frequent flights to France said:—"Personally, I shall use the Airways more and more in the future. I am continually going over to Paris, and one saves so much time and trouble by flying."



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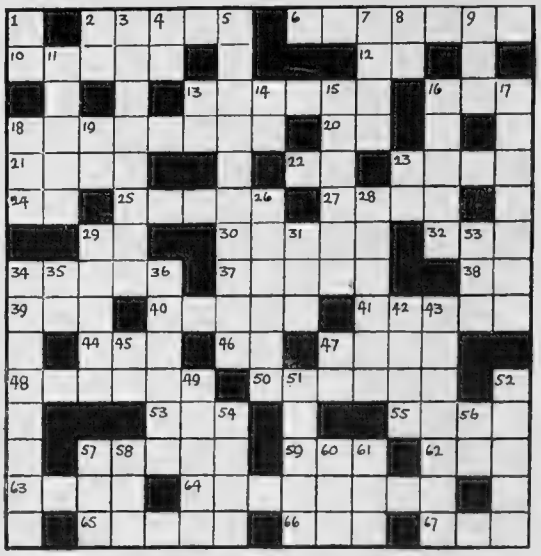
MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

FIVE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first five correct solutions opened.

Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions, marked "Cross-words" on the envelope, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, and should reach us by first post on Monday morning, March 2. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 3

Name .....

Address .....

CLUES:

ACROSS

2. "The noblest Roman."
6. The Press Representative.
10. Common to Winter and some first nights.
12. On top.
13. Great actor of the past.
16. What the comic man often does.
18. The beginning of literature.
20. The thing.
21. Much so (adverb).
22. Not under.
23. Science of "life" (cut short).
24. So.
25. Play by Henry Arthur Jones.
27. "Gus."
29. Familiar address (French).
30. Alfred, the dramatist.
32. American expression of surprise.
34. Good when it walks.
37. Stand offish.
38. Rail/Road (abbrev.).
39. Thing (Latin).
40. Mr. Norwood.
41. Famous theatrical family still flourishing.
44. Refreshment (Pussyfoot).
46. The thing itself (Latin).
47. Silent.
48. In the Premier's mouth.
50. The fatal tunic of Hercules.
53. Plenty.
55. Separate thing.
57. Part of ancient amphitheatre.
59. What they do at the Bodega.
62. Cold stuff.
63. What Mother Hubbard's dog got.
64. Spark.
65. Man with a memory.
66. Exclusive people.
67. "Maisie."

DOWN

1. Play by Lord Dunsany.
2. Company (abbrev.).
3. "Father of Greek Tragedy."
4. Saint (abbrev.).
5. Going through it.
7. To put out.
8. Starting price (abbrev.).
9. Theatrical journal.
11. Actors and oysters.
13. Pay-box (initials).
14. And (French).
15. Arthur the dramatist.
16. Coming off.
17. Ye gods!
18. One of Lord Dufferin's titles.
19. Prize-ring (abbrev.).
23. To exist.
26. Gloomily angry.
28. Marie and Cissie.
29. Think of that dear old "Good-bye!"
31. The danseuse's capital.
33. It is human.
34. The financier's failing.
35. That chap.
36. Osmond and Godfrey.
42. A sheath.
43. Forced leisure often.
45. Each (abbrev.).
47. Manuscript (abbrev.).
49. McKenna's masterpiece.
51. Miss Jeffreys.
52. Pollie.
54. Bits at the end.
56. In the City.
57. Conjunction.
58. Famous for his "Lincoln."
60. Goddess of Mischief.
61. Behind the stalls.

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of February 11, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 448

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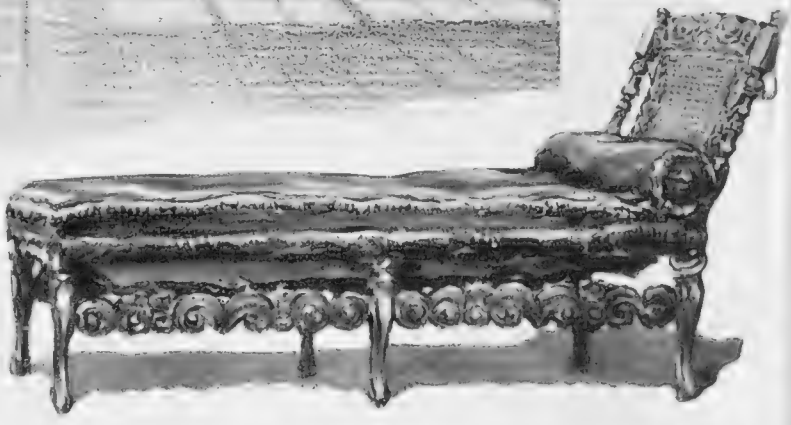
The Long Gallery, Aston Hall, Warwickshire.

Built to Celebrate a Baronetcy

AMONG those who welcomed James I. on his accession to the English throne was Sir Thomas Holte, High Sheriff of Warwickshire, who received a baronetcy when that order was first instituted. This honour inspired Sir Thomas to erect a residence commensurate with his new dignity. On this building Aston Hall, which took seventeen years to complete, he lavished a large portion of his fortune.

The ensuing visit of King Charles vested the building with a permanent historic interest, but the neighbouring townsmen of Birmingham did not share Sir Thomas' predilection for the royal cause. By way of airing their views they besieged and bombarded Aston Hall, which still bears signs of their marksmanship. Despite this, the rich old red brick building, after three hundred years of chequered history, still remains an unrivalled example of Tudor architecture, with its mullioned windows, curiously shaped tower roofs, characteristic gables and twisted chimney stacks. There is a magnificent oak staircase, carved in designs of unusual strength and freedom, and many charming panelled apartments—in particular the wonderful old Long Gallery. Even the traditional ghost is not lacking.

A noted contemporary of Aston Hall (which is now a prized possession of the public) is John Haig Scotch Whisky. First produced in 1627, for 300 years it has been in favour with lord and commoner as a whisky of unvarying excellence.



Day Bed—14th century.

Peace becoming more assured after troublesome times, people began to think more of decorative luxury, and so the day bed became a thing of beauty. This particular specimen was made of beautiful walnut or oak, the head rest and seat of cane, and the movable cushions of rich colour velvets, edged with silver fringes. The sloping backs were adjusted by means of chains or cords.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

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49

The 'Varsities at Beckenham

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impressions of some of the players in the recent inter-Varsity hockey match which was won by Oxford on the stroke of time. The final score was 3—2

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA

By H. S. S.

LAWN TENNIS

We have been paying of late on the Riviera for the joys of an almost rainless January with its wonderful sunshine record of nearly 200 hours. "February Fill-dyke" would, for once, be almost as appropriate a name for the present month in these regions as it usually is in England. A lawn tennis tournament which, in consequence, "got it in the neck" was the second of the two open meetings held by the Carlton Club at Cannes, where it was a case of four days' play—and then the deluge.

Such tennis as we have had has not been very thrilling. At Nice, where we had a fine week, Colonel Mayes sustained his first defeat of the season in the Singles; but this was more because he happened, for once, to be playing badly (for him) than because his conqueror, the Italian champion, H. L. de Morpurgo, was playing well. Morpurgo, in fact, was hard put to it to beat Brame Hillyard in the semi-final, and Brame Hillyard, stout fighter though he is, is not the equal of Mayes. In fact, it was difficult to realise that this was the Morpurgo who beat Borotra and several others of the leading Continental players last year. Mlle. Lenglen honoured the club, at which she learnt the game, by playing in the Singles, but there was no one in the lists capable of winning a game from her, except by accident. Miss Ryan was taking a week's rest, and Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mlle. Vlasto were only playing in Doubles.

CUPS THAT CHEER

The two "Bystander" Golf Cups that are to be competed for on March 3rd, in a mixed foursomes competition at the Valescure Golf Club

YACHTING

Before this issue of The Bystander appears the regatta season, which opens at Nice (February 18-27), will be in full swing. Menton comes next (March 1, etc.), followed by Monaco (March 6, etc.), and Cannes (March 16, etc.). For the last of the *courses d'entrainement* (which precede the regattas proper) for the 8.50 metre and 6.50 metre classes at Cannes there was just a breath of wind, and no more. It was won by Mr. A. de Saavedra's *Bellita* (8.50 metres), steered by Mme. de Saavedra, after a somewhat tedious race; but two or three days later there was a regular "dust-up" in a race for the little one-design "Minima" boats. Six of them started in a light breeze, which in the course of the first round piped up good and hard. Then things began to happen. Mme. de Présalé's boat, *Chtan-Fou*, broke her rudder, and three others also had to give up for one cause or another, so that the race (shortened to one round) lay between Mme. de Saavedra in *Tadydio* and Mr. Jack Hurbat in *L'Escavenne*. They raced nearly neck-and-neck to the winning mark, plunging gaily into the seas and raising clouds of spray. Eventually *Tadydio* won by two seconds! Thus did Mme. de Saavedra prove herself as competent a helmswoman in a hard blow as in a light breeze.

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"I am writing to let you know what I think of Lavona Hair Tonic. I got a small bottle last week and used it regularly night and morning, and now I can hardly believe it is my own hair, and it is quite its natural colour now. I think Lavona Hair Tonic marvellous." Just get a 2/11 package from the chemist's and try it. There's a guarantee coupon with it (as well as a Gift Shampoo), and if you're not delighted with results, fill in the coupon and get your money back. No woman who cares for her appearance will neglect such an offer.

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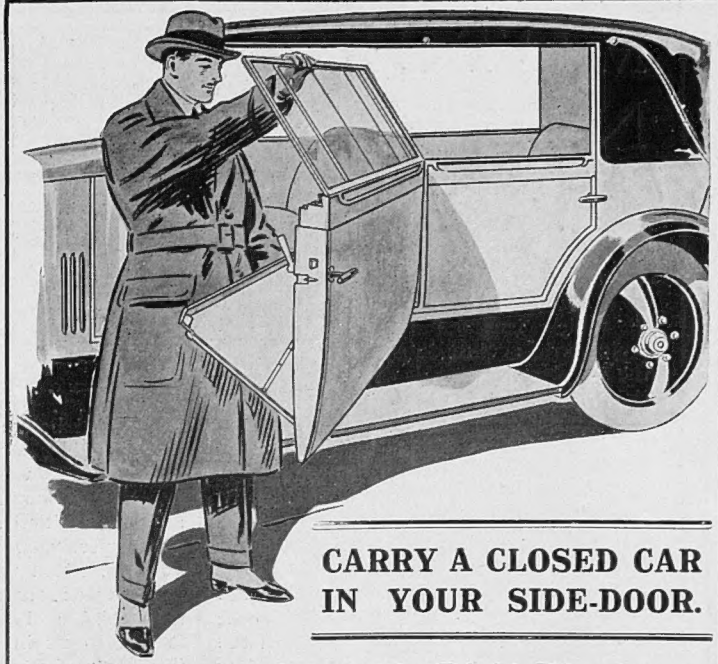

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An Instantly Adjustable Rigid Weather-Proof Body.

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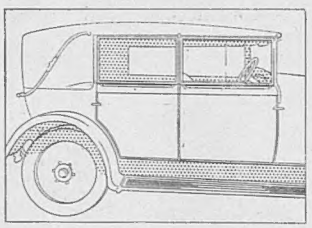
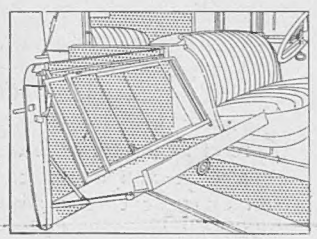
And "blind-spots" are practically eliminated by the big, full-vision windows.

The St. Didier Head is built solidly into the chassis. Snug-fitting, rattle-proof, weather-defying and cosy when a closed car is needed—thanks to the rigidly gripping patent "Bloqueurs"—its neat metal-framed windows fold securely into the door when out of use, leaving the car open and clean-lined.

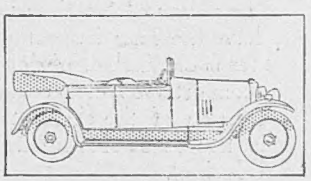
The change takes less than a minute to accomplish.



Closed car comfort.



It takes less than a minute—



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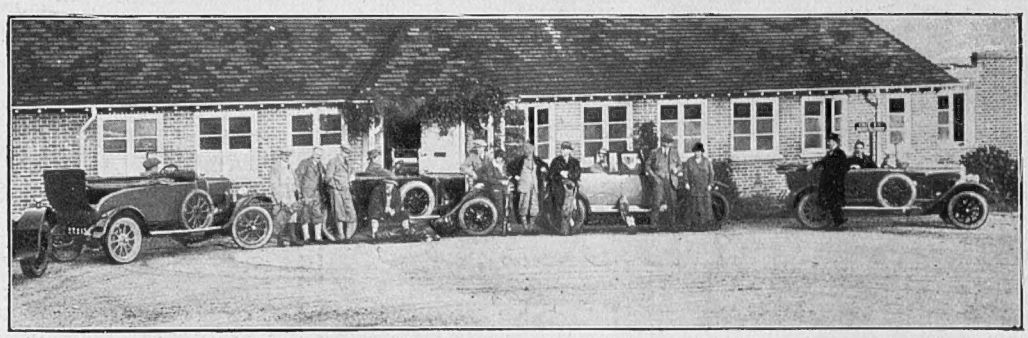
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



THE DRIVE TO THE NINETEENTH HOLE

Some visitors and members outside the South Devon Golf Club at Torquay, and a posse of the popular Calthorpe cars

I SUPPOSE that it is memories of my schooldays which incline me to be prejudiced against anything the purpose of which is education. But, having seen the new film showing the activities of Fort Dunlop, I can say that here is a most interesting and entertaining motion picture which conveys education in the most tactful possible manner. When I saw it, I spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Every process in the manufacture of the famous Dunlop cord tyre is shown, from the point when little drops of raw rubber ooze out of cuts in trees to the time when the completed tyre is ready for fitting. Any motorist who has an opportunity of seeing this film should certainly do so, and he will then realise the extraordinary care employed in every stage of Dunlop manufacture, and will realise why these tyres give such good service.

* * *

SIR ERIC GEDDES said the other afternoon that the modern film would do much to simplify the duties of a director by permitting him to make a tour of his works from a comfortable armchair while a film is unrolled before him! The film is also making things easier for those of us whose business it is to write about motor-cars. A particular example of this is afforded by a film exhibition by Crossley Motors, Ltd., of the performances of some of their new vehicles, fitted with the Kegresse caterpillar track arrangement. I could not help thinking how much more pleasant it was to sit in a comfortable armchair in a cosy private theatre, while I watched the antics of these cars on wind-swept heaths.

* * *

THE Crossley cars themselves performed admirably. It did not seem to matter whether it was a gradient of one in two, whether tree stumps or ditches apparently barred the path, or whether a young-sized marshy lake hove up in the distance. The Crossleys went through or over everything in the most serene and effortless manner. The drive is through two endless rubber bands at the rear which can be instantly adjusted for tension. The weight of the car is carried by small rollers on the inside of the band, while two pulleys at either end effect the drive. The car is always laying its own track, and therefore road inequalities do not matter, while the large area of contact prevents any slip on the slimmiest of surfaces. And yet these cars can obtain 30 m.p.h. on the road!

* * *

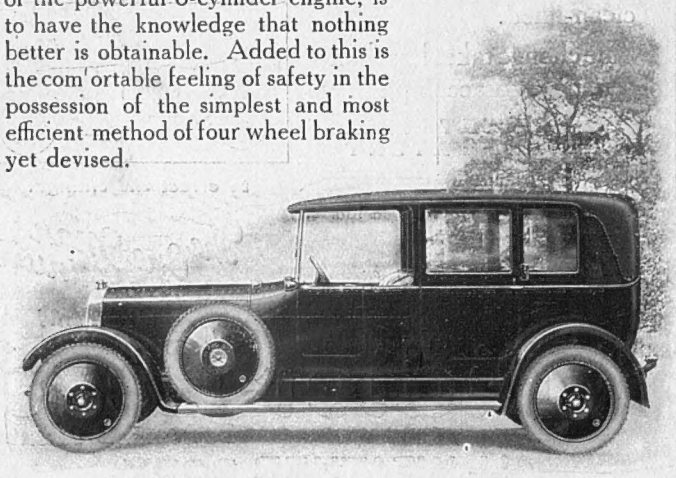
MOTORING gets cheaper every day, at any rate as far as the price of cars is concerned. The latest reduction to be announced is that of the popular 7 h.p. Austin. With a four-cylinder engine, three speeds and reverse, detachable wire wheels, four-wheel brakes, and full equipment, the price is now £149, and this for the family model, too. I have an enormous respect for the smallest of the Austin models—as indeed I have for the others—

(*Continued on page* x)

Lanchester Cars

THE possession of a Lanchester "Forty" ensures the means of an enjoyment that is unobtainable with any other make of Car. To drive it or ride in it is to enter a new sphere of motoring. To experience the ease and simplicity of control, the silent epicyclic change speed gears, the outstanding suspension system, and the amazing flexibility and acceleration of the powerful 6-cylinder engine, is to have the knowledge that nothing better is obtainable. Added to this is the comfortable feeling of safety in the possession of the simplest and most efficient method of four wheel braking yet devised.

We shall be delighted to arrange a run at any time to suit your convenience. Will you make an appointment?



40 H.P. 6-cylinder 7-seat Three-quarters Landaulet.

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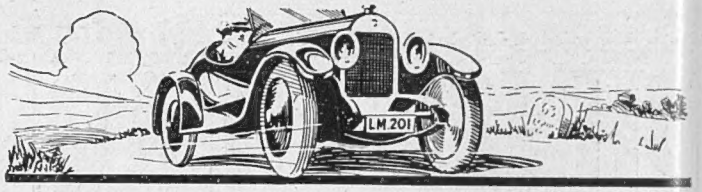

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